240.	Eggshell cup; mark, Ta-Ming-Chia-ching-nien-chi; R. E. Moore	50 00
241.	Quadrilateral vase in Sounipo blue; mark, Ta-Ming-chia-ching-nien-chi; Bell	30 00
242.	Small bottle-shaped vase; mark, a leaf; K'ang-hsi; Bell	130 00
243.	Cylindrical vase, blue and white, of K'ang-hsi; ——	42 50
244.	Alms bowl in dark blue; Kien-lung; E. B. Church	82 50
245.	Bottle-shaped vase, blue and white, of K'ang-hsi; ——	77 50
246.	Beaker, Kien-lung; mark, Ta-Ming-Chêng-hwa-nien-chi; W. M. Laffan	75 00
247.	Globular vase; mark, Ta-Ming-Wan-li-nien-chi; Buckley	90 00
248.	Tall jar, hall mark beneath; W. M. Laffan	77 50
249.	Oblong box, depictions of scenes from domestic Chinese life in Sounipo blue of later Ming; mark, Ta-Ming-Wan-li-nien-chi; W. M. Laffan	135 00
250.	Tall vase, with ribbed neck; Mrs. C. B. Alexander	75 00
251.	Fluted bowl; W. M. Laffan	52 50
252.	Bottle-shaped vase, bulbous, lotus-bud mouth, Yung-chêng; W. M. Laffan	75 00
253.	Blue and white vase; W. M. Laffan	70 00
254.	Blue and white vase, Ta-Ming-Hsüan-te-nien-chi; B. Altman	130 00
255.	Cylindrical vase, translucent blue of K'ang-hsi; "Stuart"	55 00
256.	Eggshell vase; E. B. Church	135 00
257.	Long-necked bottle; mark, Ta-Ming-Chêng-hwa-nien-chi; T. B. Clarke	150 00
258.	Pair of bottle-shaped vases, open crackle, about neck a decoration of Hand-of-Buddha citron; R. E. Moore, $150 for one and $160 for the other	310 00
259.	Jar, with figures; Buckley	65 00
260.	Large bottle, decoration of chrysanthemum; H. D. Auchincloss	115 00
261.	Blue and white vase; Leroy	60 00
262.	Tall, bottle-shaped vase, blue of K'ang-hsi; Thomas B. Clarke	290 00
263.	Plate, with Buddhistic symbols, K'ang-hsi; R. E. Moore	95 00
264.	Plate, wave forms; C. H. Tweed	80 00
265.	Vase; Thomas B. Clarke	80 00
266.	Covered bowl; Mrs. A. J. Richardson	40 00
267.	Vase, depicting an imperial audience, blue of K'ang-hsi; W. M. Laffan	600
268.	Tall vase, medallions with mythological personages; W. M. Laffan	210 00
269.	Ovoid vase, with cover; mark, a leaf and scroll, K'ang-hsi; R. E. Moore	155 00
270.	Vase, Mandarin floating in barge; mark, a leaf; R. E. Moore	170 00
271.	Bowl, four-character mark of salutation, "Ten thousand happinesses;" William Oastler	52 50
272.	Cylindrical bottle, purple blue; Emory.	40 00
273.	Hawthorn vase, Mei blossoms; K'ang-hsi; "Van"	315 00
274.	Pair beakers; E. Sutton	150 00
275.	Bowl; Francis Goodwin of Hartford	42 50
276.	Plate, willow pattern; J. H. Taft	45 00
277.	Ovoid vase, depicting an august ceremonial function in various tones of cobalt; R. E. Moore	210 00
278.	Large ovoid vase, clear crackle; T. B. Clarke	470 00
279.	Hawthorn jar, Mei blossoms, has its own cover; B. Altman	3,000 00
280.	Similar hawthorn jar, cover an imitation from Paris; Bell	4,100 00
281.	Ovoid vase, with wide mouth; Thomas B. Clarke	410 00
282.	Globular jar of old gray crackle; W. M. Laffan	65 00
283.	Large jar of old gray crackle, late fifteenth or early sixteenth century; Mrs. S. C. Thompson	155 00
284.	Tall vase, K'ang-hsi; W. M. Laffan	310 00
285.	Small eggshell bowl, in pistache-green; Kelekian	18 00
286.	Persian faience plate; Miss E. S. Hamilton	18 00
287.	Bottle-shaped vase; mark, Chêng-hwa (K'ang-hsi); E. B. Church	57 50
288.	Bowl, with designs embracing characters of longevity and happiness, emblems of wisdom and conjugal fidelity, prayer wheel, and attributes of a chakravarti; mark, in Mongolian script, *Baragon Tumed*; G. Getz	120 00
289.	Bottle-necked vase, coral red; E. B. Church	27 50
290.	Bottle-shaped vase, K'ang-hsi; mark, Ta-Ming-Cheng-hwa-nien-chi; E. B. Church	57 50
291.	Bottle-shaped vase, mark in soft paste enamel, Kien-lung-nien-chi; W. M. Laffan	165 00
292.	Same as foregoing; W. M. Laffan	165 00
293.	Vase, brilliant white porcelain; mark, Ta-Tsing-K'ang-hsi-nien-chi; T. B. Clarke	225 00
294.	Cylindrical vase with cover, seal mark of Kien-lung; E. B. Church	155 00
295.	Square vase; Mrs. E. B. Alexander	80 00
296.	Bowl, same as No. 288; Leroy	125 00
297.	Plate depicting water festival, seal mark of Chia-ching; Bell	145 00
298.	Plate in opaque enamels of Chia-ching period; C. I. Hudson	145 00
299.	Pear-shaped vase; W. M. Laffan	110 00
300.	Tall, square vase, *Lang-Yao*, prefecture of Lang; B. Altman	510 00
301.	Square vase in the five transparent enamels of early K'ang-hsi; prefecture of Lang; B. Altman	425 00
302.	Square vase, enamels of early K'ang-hsi, prefecture of Lang; B. Altman	600 00
303.	Tall vase, transparent enamels of K'ang-hsi; Thomas B. Clarke	320 00
304.	Jar or fish bowl in the five-color (ou-tsai) decoration of the Ming dynasty; W. M. Laffan	440 00
305.	Tall jar depicting historical episode wherein goddess vouchsafes an appearance; transparent enamels of K'ang-hsi; W. M. Laffan	320 00
306.	Garden seat of the K'ang-hsi period; Randolph, agent	190 00
307.	Beaker; K'ang-hsi; S. P. Avery, Jr.	200 00
308.	Imperial yellow ovoid vase; W. M. Laffan	175 00
309.	Cylindrical vase; historic personages in enamels of the Kien-lung period; cottier + co.	300.00
310.	Ovid eggshell vase; S.P. Avery, Jr....	575 00

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311.	Tall vase, ascribed to early sixteenth century; A. D. Vorce	$85 00
312.	Fish bowl, enamels of early Ming; Thomas B. Clarke	165 00
313.	Vase, transparent enamels of K'ang-hsi; S. P. Avery, Jr	400 00
314.	Vase, Ming; E. P. Mitchell	130 00
315.	Slender vase, in transparent enamels; C. I. Hudson	310 00
316.	Ovoid vase, seal mark of Kien-lung in coral red; Bell	475 00
317.	Tall, slender vase, transparent enamels; Thomas B. Clarke	375 00
318.	Fish bowl, reticulated body, enamels of the Ming dynasty; William Oastler	230 00
319.	Statuette of the goddess Kwa-nin, Ming; W. M. Laffan	450 00
320.	Large jar, transparent enamels, Ming; Randolph	310 00
321.	Vase, with cover, Ming; Thomas B. Clarke	310 00
322.	Tall vase of archaic form and decoration, Ming; R. B. Cable of Chicago	130 00
323.	Tall beaker, so-called black hawthorn pattern; flowering branches of Mei tree, birds hovering amid the perfume, and below rocks and grasses, with lilies; prefecture of Lang; B. Altman	1,800 00
324.	Quadrilateral vase, so-called black hawthorn pattern, with handles of Lingchy; prefecture of Lang; B. Altman	600 00
325.	Vase, old Hirado; Frank Babbitt	90 00
326.	Bowl, with silver cover; old Hirado; H. D. Auchincloss	165 00
327.	Vase, globular body, old Hirado; E. P. Mitchell	80 00
328.	Vase, with chimæra heads; old Hirado; R. B. Cable	85 00
329.	Blue and white vase; Leroy	35 00
330.	Bowl, with straight sides; old decorated Satsuma; Kelekian	33 00
331.	Statuette, signed Guzan; Cottier & Co.	100 00
332.	Small bowl, old Kyoto; Kelekian	14 00
333.	Double gourd, old Satsuma; Miss S. M. Phipps	95 00
334.	Statuette, Satsuma; Mrs. E. W. Bass	90 00
335.	Small bowl, old decorated Satsuma; R. M. Hogue	25 00
336.	Gourd shaped vase, *café au lait* crackle; Cryder	90 00
337.	Incense burner, old decorated Satsuma; Bell	225 00
338.	Statuette, Kwan-in; W. M. Laffan	42 50
339.	Statuette, Kwan-in holding infant Buddha; W. M. Laffan	80 00
340.	Bottle-shaped vase, pale viscous glaze; C. W. Gould	50 00
341.	Square white vase, with cylindrical neck; W. M. Laffan	320 00
342.	Cylindrical Sake jar, with two kylins; L. G. Woodhouse	120 00
343.	White plate, Persian faience; Mrs. C. B. Alexander	15 00
344.	Eggshell bowl, etched in the transparent paste in antique seal script, the four characters, Yung-lo-nien-chi (1403—1424); R. B. Cable	75 00
345.	Bowl, twin-fish emblem of conjugal happiness; A. D. Vorce	65 00
346.	Saucer, eggshell porcelain, ascribable to period of Yung-lo; Francis Goodwin	25 00
347.	Bowl, brilliant white porcelain; Thomas B. Clarke	170 00
348.	Yung-lo eggshell bowl; E. G. Getz	50 00
349.	Persian plate; Mrs. E. C. Bodman	17 50
350.	Bowl, metallic rim; Francis Goodwin	35 00
351.	Yung-lo eggshell bowl, Yung-lo-nien-chi; William Oastler	65 00
352.	Bowl, with metallic rim; Mr. Mansfield	35 00
353.	Small bowl, old white, early Ming, with verse in cursive script; C. L. Freer	25 00
354.	Flattened bowl, undecorated Satsuma; Mr. Mansfield	22 50

355.	White beaker, Buddhist symbols; L. G. Woodhouse	27 50
356.	Bottle-shaped vase, with reticulated body, cylinder within from foot to neck, band of Swastika, and Taoist symbols, referred to reign of K'ang-hsi; A. A. Pope	310 00
357.	Rice-pattern bowl; Thomas B. Clarke	400 00
358.	Bottle-shaped vase, white glaze; A. A. Pope	250 00
359.	Bowl, indented rim with silver lip, Ming; Frank Babbitt	40 00
360.	Old Persian faience bowl; Cottier & Co.	35 00
361.	Ovoid vase, early Ming; C. W. Gould	150 00
362.	White vase with Kylin handles and inscription in antique seal script; Mason.	47 50
363.	Vase, close white crackle; Mrs. C. H. Wood	150 00
364.	Bottle-shaped vase, with silver mount at neck; W. M. Laffan	200 00
365.	White ovoid vase, diapered ornament incised in paste; W. M. Laffan	310 00
366.	Vase, with flaring mouth and brown biscuit rim; W. M. Laffan	130 00
367.	Bottle-shaped vase, pale gray-green celadon glaze; Mrs. E. C. Bodman	105 00
368.	Tall, slender vase, ascribed to Yuen dynasty; C. W. Gould	200 00
369.	Bowl, Yuen; J. W. Mason	27 50
370.	Tall, cylindrical jar; C. W. Gould	240 00
371.	Flat bowl, *clair de lune* glaze within; W. R. Hearst	105 00
372.	Bottled-shaped vase, mottled purple and violet glaze, Lo-fei; seal mark, Yung-Chêng; W. M. Laffan	105 00
373.	Pilgrim bottle, red *soufflé*; Randolph	130 00
374.	Double gourd, celadon crackle, faint crimson blush stains; A. D. Vorce	70 00
375.	Persian faience plate; Kelekian	25 00
376.	Plate, enamels of K'ang-hsi period; mark, Ta-Ming-Hsüan-te-nien-chi; Mrs. S. D. Tucker	35 00
377.	Plate, powder blue; H. M. Fraser	35 00
378.	Large plate, Lung-chuan of early Ming; C. W. Gould	52 50
379.	Another, with fluted ornament; C. W. Gould	32 50
380.	Another, deeper; Bell	32 50
381.	Another, with floral ornament beneath glaze; W. R. Hearst	65 00
382.	Another, with diaper pattern; W. R. Hearst	140 00
383.	Another, with fluted ornament; W. R. Hearst	85 00

["All these specimens of Lung-chuan-yao came from various regions more or less remote from China, whither they had been transported by caravans traversing Asia, or by Arab sea traders."—Catalogue.]

384.	Broad vase, old Ming pottery, statuette of Cheou-lao seated on his deer, and his pet tortoise in front of him; Thomas B. Clarke	$540 00
385.	Fish bowl with silver cloisonné rim at neck and ditto dentated leaf design at foot; W. M. Laffan	200 00

[" This bowl and its companion were widely known in China for many years as among the finest of the few surviving examples of the five-color decoration of the Ming period. They were made at King-te-chin in the reign of Chia-ching (1522-1566), the Nien-hao of which is written in blue on the foot of each." —Catalogue.]

386.	Companion to foregoing, but not needing reinforcement; W. M. Laffan	$200 00
387.	Tall vase, reproduction in K'ang-hsi period of Ming original; H. B. Gross	60 00
388.	Companion to preceding; H. B. Gross	60 00
389.	Vase, with cover, Imari; J. A. McKeever	155 00
390.	Companion to preceding; J. A. McKeever	155 00
391.	Large Imari vase; F. T. Fleitman	70 00
392.	Companion to preceding; F. T. Fleitman	70 00

FINE PICTURES AT AUCTION

THE SALE OF THE DANA AND FULLER OIL PAINTINGS.

Rousseau's "Charcoal Burners" Brings $36,500 and Corot's "La Danse des Amours" $36,000—The Dana Collection Realized an Average of More than $11,000—Spirited Bidding for the Great Masterpieces.

All the seats downstairs at Chickering Hall last night were filled, as were most of those in the gallery, and there were people standing round back of the seats on the main floor to see and to take part in the sale of the pictures of William H. Fuller and Charles A. Dana. There were thirty-seven of the Fuller pictures all together, but only thirty-six of them were sold. Mr. Fuller had reserved the right to hold out "The Blue Boy," the Gainsborough which had attracted a good deal of attention, unless an upset price for it was met. The upset price was not announced until the picture was put up, the last number in the Fuller collection, and then it was stated at $50,000 There was no response to the auctioneer's call and the picture was taken down. The thirty-six pictures belonging to Mr. Fuller that were sold brought altogether $166,200. The highest price, as was expected, leaving out the Gainsborough, was brought by the Rousseau, "The Charcoal Burners' Hut." Some one tried to start the bidding on that at $10,000. It was immediately raised to $15,000; then to $20,000, and went up by thousand-dollar bids most of the way to the final price, $36,500, the highest figure of the evening.

Mr. Dana's Corot "La Danse des Amours" brought $36,000. The bidding on it started at $20,000, went up to $21,000, $25,000, $26,000, and so on by thousand-dollar bids to $32,000, and then jumped to $35,000 and was carried to $36,000. The seven pictures of the Dana collection brought $79,700, an average of more than $11,300 each. The average of the larger Fuller collection is about $1,600 each. The total of the evening's sales was $245,900.

At the American Art Galleries yesterday afternoon 194 objects of Mr. Dana's collection of Eastern ceramics were sold for $35,433.50. This makes a total sum for art objects sold yesterday at public auction in this city of $281,333.50, and, adding to this the $19,811.50 of Thursday afternoon's sale of the Dana collection at the American Galleries, there is made the total sum of $301,145 paid for art goods at public sale in New York within two days. All the sales were conducted for the American Art Association by Thomas E. Kirby as auctioneer.

Of course, a large number of the paintings last night, as of the porcelains in the afternoon, were bought by dealers, some of the purchases being made, doubtless, for the dealers themselves and others on order, and the names of the real purchasers of some of the finest pieces were not made known to the public. The bidding for Constable's "A Suffolk Water Mill," of the Fuller collection, was spirited from the start at $1,000, to the sale at $3,000. At least one of the Fuller pictures, an "Old Crome" entitled "Yarmouth Beach," went out of town, going to Mr. Mansfield of New Haven at $600. The Dupré "Le Cours d'Eau" went quickly from $1,500 to $3,850, and the Daubigny "Evening on the Marne," which Samuel Untermyer got for $5,000, went rapidly to that figure from the start at $2,500. It was the first picture of the evening applauded. The Diaz "Pool at Fontainebleau" found ready bidders all the way from $1,500 to $4,100, at which it was sold.

Two of the Fuller pictures went at the same figure, $7,600 each. They were Rousseau's "Marais dans les Landes," which Isidor Wormser bought, and Dupré's "The Open Sea," which went to the same buyer a little later. Dupré's "Cattle Drinking" fetched $6,700 from C. H. Eicks. John G. Moore bought the Reynolds "Portrait of Mrs. Knapp," No. 32 of the Fuller catalogue, for $5,800. The Gainsborough "Halcyon Days in England" went to James W. Ellsworth of Chicago at $3,700. The same artist's portrait of Lady Innes of Norfolk, S. B. Avery, Jr., bought for $5,500.

The beautiful Troyon, "Vaches au Pâturage," warmed the whole audience when it was exposed as No. 35 of the Fuller collection, and there was some applause. The bidding on it started at $10,000, went rapidly to $22,000, at which figure the picture was knocked down to Mr. Ellsworth. The bidding on the Rousseau started at $10,000, but it took a very little while to get the figures to $36,500, at which it was bought in the name of G. W. Berckmans, who was said to be acting for some one else.

The first of the Dana pictures put up, Courbet's "Seashore," started at $500, and was sold to G. W. Elkins for $3,300. F. A. Bell took Jacque's "Sheep in the Forest" at $5,400; Isidor Wormser, the Daubigny's "On the River Oise," at $6,500, and Herman Schaus bought Millet's "The Turkey Herder" for $20,500.

The bidding on the Millet started at $15,000 and advanced by thousands to $18,000, and then on to the knockdown figure. Twenty thousand dollars was the first offer for the Corot "La Danse des Amours," and the bidding advanced by $1,000 and $2,000 jumps to $35,000. At $36,000 it was sold to Berckmans, the buyer of the "Charcoal Burners' Hut."

Among those present at Chickering Hall were George G. Havens, Justice C. H. Truax, W. R. Hearst, W. H. Ketcham, George A. Hearn, and L. Crist Delmonico. There was a large attendance at the American Art Galleries yesterday afternoon when the second installment of 194 pieces of the Dana collection of porcelains was sold. The bidding a part of the time was more brisk than on the day before, and the average of prices was almost double that of Thursday, or, to be exact, above $182, as against something above $100 on Thursday.

There was a good deal of interest aroused by the bidding on lot 232 of the catalogue, two statuettes of the dog Foo in *clair de lune*. The bidding at first was only moderate, although at liberal figures, but it was carried on by $10 advances to between $300 and $400, the figures being for each of the statuettes, not for the pair, before people noticed that there were apparently two bidders down toward the front of the room. One of them seemed to be in the room and the other just beyond the doorway leading to the adjacent gallery. These two advanced bids almost as regularly as the clock ticks until $520 was offered for each of the dogs, at which price they went to Randolph as agent.

The bidding on 267 of the catalogue, the vase with blue and white decoration of an interior in which is depicted an imperial audience, was strong from $100 to $600, to which figure it went without any pauses. The bidding on 278, a large ovoid vase, with elaborate landscape decorations, went right up from $100 to $470, at which price the vase went to Thomas B. Clarke.

The two hawthorn jars, 279 and 280, excited some interest. The bidding started at $500 on 279, the jar that has its own cover, and went by $100 advances practically all the way to the price at which it sold, $3,000. It was bought by B. Altman. Mr. Kirby announced that the last jar of that kind sold in that room had brought $3,200. The bidding on 280 started as low as $50, but was soon pushed to a figure beyond that at which the other jars had gone, and when $4,000 was called, there were murmurs of applause around the room. The vase was sold at $4,100 to F. A. Bell. It was said by some of the dealers and collectors later that while this jar was catalogued as having an imitation cover made in Paris, yet some admirers prized the deeper shade of blue in the body of the vase above the brilliant blue of the first one sold.

When the tall square vases were reached practically all the bidding started at $100, and went on spiritedly. The bidding on No. 300, which started at $100, went right along up to $300, and then advanced by tens to $510, at which the vase went to B. Altman. The same buyer took No. 302, a similarly shaped vase of the same period, at $500. The ovoid egg-shell vase, No. 310, went to S. P. Avery, Jr., at $575. Mr. Altman got the tall beaker of black hawthorn pattern, No. 323, which started at $1,000, the bids being advanced by $100 to the knockdown price figure, $1,800. A quadrilateral vase, also decorated in the black hawthorn pattern, No. 324, went to the same buyer at $600.

Cleveland, Detroit, New Haven, Hartford, and Chicago were represented in yesterday's bidding, as doubtless were other cities.

The aggregate of the first two days' sale of the Dana ceramics was $55,245, which, with the total of the sale of the paintings last evening, makes $134 945 as the sum brought by the part of the collection already sold. The sale of the porcelains will be concluded at the American Art Galleries this afternoon.

Following are the prices brought by the ceramics and paintings sold yesterday, with the names of the buyers, so far as announced by the managers of the sales:

DANA PAINTINGS.

586.	"Seashore," Courbet; G. W. Elkins....	$3,300
587.	"Sheep in the Forest," Jacque; F. A. Bell....	5,400
588.	"Une Fête à Venise," Ziem; Leroy.....	3,500
589.	"On the River Oise," Daubigny; Isidor Wormser....	6,500
590.	"The Harvest Field," Rousseau; S. Bettle....	4,200
591.	"The Turkey Herder," Millet; Herman Schaus....	20,500
592.	"La Danse des Amours," Corot; Berckmans....	36,000

FULLER PAINTINGS.

1.	"The Hillside," George Michel; Cottier & Co....	$450
2.	"A Suffolk Water Mill," Constable; F. A. Bell....	3,000
3.	"Road Through the Woods," Michel; Leroy....	1,200
4.	"In Dedham Vale," Constable; R. E. Moore....	1,400
5.	"Yarmouth Beach," "Old Crome;" B. Mansfield of New Haven....	600
[illegible]	"The Plain of Montmartre," Michel; C. H. Eicks....	575
7.	"View Near Oxford," Richard Wilson; Randolph, agent....	$700
8.	"Moonlight on the Yare," John Sell Cotman; Samuel Untermyer....	900
9.	"Portrait of an Officer," Gainsborough; C. J. Blair....	900
10.	"Le Cours d'Eau," Dupré; Knoedler & Co.	3,850
11.	"Summer Morning, Dedham Vale," Constable; Mr. Harrison....	1,300
12.	"The Horseman," Michel; J. F. A. Clark.	725
13.	"The Road to the Mill," Thomas Barker (of Bath); Randolph, agent....	700
14.	"Evening on the Marne," Daubigny; Samuel Untermyer....	5,000
15.	"The Edge of the Common," Gainsborough; Leroy....	2,700
16.	"Pool at Fontainebleau," Diaz; C. H. Eicks....	4,100
17.	"Portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Barrington," Reynolds; S. A. French....	3,000
18.	"Windermere Lake," Constable; J. J. Emery....	5,300
19.	"Cattle Drinking," Dupré; C. H. Eicks..	6,700
20.	"Weymouth Bay," Constable; W. C. Loring....	3,050
21.	"The Cliff at Villerville," Daubigny; Cottier & Co....	4,050
22.	"The Market Cart," Gainsborough; George R. White....	1,550
23.	"The Duchess of Ancaster," Reynolds; T. J. Blakeslee....	1,950
24.	"Marais dans les Landes," Rousseau; Isidor Wormser, Jr....	7,600
25.	"Portrait of the Countess of Buckinghamshire," Gainsborough; John G. M[illegible]....	[illegible]
26.	"Windmill of Montmartre," Michel; Randolph, agent....	1,700
27.	"Temple of Venus at Baiae," Richard Wilson; L. Nardus....	2,000
28.	"The Open Sea," Dupré; I. Wormser, Jr..	7,600
29.	"Apple Blossoms," Daubigny; Randolph, agent....	6,000
30.	"The Lock," Constable; G. W. Elkins....	5,200
31.	"Going to Market," Gainsborough; Harrison....	3,800
32.	"Portrait of Mrs. Knapp," Reynolds; John G. Moore....	5,800
33.	"Halcyon Days in England," Gainsborough; James W. Ellsworth of Chicago....	3,700
34.	"Portrait of Lady Inness of Norfolk," Gainsborough; S. P. Avery, Jr....	5,500
35.	"Cows in the Pasture," Troyon; James W. Ellsworth....	22,000
36.	"The Charcoal Burners' Hut," Rousseau; Berckmans....	36,500
37.	"The Blue Boy," Gainsborough; not sold.	

DANA CERAMICS.

199.	Small saucer, yellow crackle; T. H. Webster of Cleveland....	$5 00
200.	Shallow bowl, aubergine and violet blue, Taoist mythological female figure sailing on trunk of tree; C. H. Tweed..	17 00
201.	Small vase, fluted, green celadon glaze; Mrs. E N. Herzog....	6 00
202.	Japanese cup; Kelekian....	13 00
203.	Japanese jar; J. H. Webster....	15 00
204.	Bowl, creamy gray and yellow glaze, old Corean; C. L. Freer....	26 00
205.	Vase, mark of Cheng-hwa; J. H. Taft..	21 00
206.	Bowl, Corean pottery; C. L. Freer.....	50 00
207.	Bottle-shaped vase, metallic lustre; F. V. Burton....	27 50
208.	Fluted bowl, seal mark of Chia-ching; J. H. Taft....	45 00
209.	Vase, brown crackle on *café au lait*; T. B. Clarke....	25 00
210.	Bowl, eggshell, aubergine glaze; L. G. Woodhouse....	35 00
211.	Vase, shibuichi rim, old Imari; J. H. Taft....	55 00
212.	Vase, old crackle, later Ming; E. C. Strifller....	32 50
213.	Vase, brown metallic lustre; F. V. Burton....	60 00
214.	Quadrilateral vase, gray *clair de lune*; on foot, in 63 characters, poem composed by Emperor Kien-lung in honor of the vase; vase ascribable to dynasty of the Sung; W. M. Laffan....	210 00
215.	Vase, celadon glaze; Mrs. A. J. Richardson....	47 50
216.	Flattened bottle, rich yellow and pale *clair de lune*, permeated by double crackle in violet and brown; Sung; C. L. Freer....	160 00
217.	Bottle-shaped vase, gray, flecked with copper red; J. H. Taft....	40 00
218.	Vase, with elephant-head handles and glaze of aubergine purple; Henry B. Reed....	80 00
219.	Bottle-shaped vase, symbols incised, translucent purple glaze; A D. Vorce.	65 00
220.	*Clair de lune* vase, with faint purple splash; Sung; E. V. Macy....	150 00
221.	Vase, metallic glaze, copper red; C. L. Freer....	40 00
222.	Double gourd, *clair de lune*; Sung; Mrs. C. H. Wood....	120 00
223.	Bottle-shaped vase, purple-brown glaze, with yellow rim; John Falk....	45 00
224.	Flower vase, five necks, seal mark beneath of Kien-lung; R. E. Moore......	95 00
225.	Pilgrim bottle, with Buddhistic symbols; L. G. Woodhouse....	70 00
226.	Vase, glaze of *ma-fei*; F. V. Burton.....	50 00
227.	Tall vase, later Ming; Mrs. C. B. Alexander....	90 00
228.	Vase, purple metallic lustre; Dr. Hayes.	170 00
229.	Vase, robin's-egg blue *clair de lune* crackle; Mrs. C. H. Wood....	250 00
230.	Bowl, red and purple outside, *clair de lune* crackle within; Sung; W. R. Hearst	80 00
231.	Vase, double crackle in brown and black; J. H. Webster....	32 50
232.	Two statuettes of the dog Foo, in *clair de lune*; Randolph, agent, $520 each..	1,040 00
233.	Corean bowl; Cottier & Co....	30 00
234.	Cup in pale celadon; Kelekian....	35 00
235.	Bottle-shaped vase, tea glaze; seal mark of Kien-lung; L. G. Woodhouse..	35 00
236.	Bottle-shaped vase, amethystine purple; Kien-lung; Charles Kelly....	45 00
237.	Small quadrilateral beaker; E. Sutton.	35 00
238.	Blue and white hawthorn plate; Bell...	17 50
239.	Small blue and white vase; H. D. Auchincloss....	27 50

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THIS IS NO. 104

1898
Feb. 25
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EARLY ENGLISH
AND
BARBIZON PAINTINGS

BELONGING TO

WILLIAM H. FULLER

TO BE SOLD AT PUBLIC SALE
AT CHICKERING HALL
ON FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 25TH

INTRODUCTORY NOTE AND DESCRIPTION OF THE PICTURES BY
FRANK D. MILLET, N.A.

L.55991
La. 1773

THOMAS E. KIRBY WILL CONDUCT THE SALE

AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION, MANAGERS
NEW YORK
1898

THÉODORE ROUSSEAU.

(1812—1867.)

THE tale of the Fontainebleau-Barbizon painters has been more than twice told, and like all tales it grows with each new telling. Originally it was a simple and a most natural story. There had been a long period of classic art, started by David, which perpetuated nothing but the traditions of Greece and Rome. It was all form, all line, all academic skill; the breath of passion, of individuality, of life was not in it. In the 1820's there came a revolt against this stereotyped product of the Institute. The revolt took the form of Romanticism, and Delacroix was its nominal prophet. Of course Romanticism perched itself on the far end of the controversial see-saw. If Ingres did the Classic, Delacroix had to rush off to the Gothic; if one used line with rigid harshness and decried color, the other had to ignore line and use the whole gamut of color in flat patches; if Classicism perpetuated the abstract and the objective, Romanticism had to balance it by outbreaks of personal impulse—by the fires and furies of passion. These extremes never met, the controversy and the quarrel were never settled. The parties were both right so far as they went, but neither of them mirrored the life of the people, neither of them produced an art that had a root in contemporary French thought or sentiment, neither of them pictured the time, the clime, and the race.

A new generation was growing up while this Classic-

Romantic jangle was in the air. These young men had heard the arguments pro and con in the studios, and had seen the extravagances of both arts in the exhibitions. What could be more natural than their recognition that both of them were extreme, and that the soul of the world lay neither in the Institute nor in Delacroix's atelier, but in nature? What could be more natural in the young landscape painters than the rejection of both points of view and the flight to the forest of Fontainebleau for inspiration? We have been told that their eyes were turned to nature by seeing the works of Constable, Bonington, and Fielding in the Salon of 1824. It is possible; but at that time Rousseau and Dupré were each twelve years old, Daubigny was seven, Diaz was sixteen, Corot was in Rome. Moreover, there was no journeying to Fontainebleau until about 1833. Jules Bréton has said they were influenced by the Dutch pictures in the Louvre, and there was undoubtedly some study there. Out of Paris they took only a method, a way of doing things, whether derived from English, Dutch, or French sources or all combined is of no consequence now. It was from the forest that they got the material and the spirit of their art. The light, the air, the skies, the foliage, the forms of tree and rock and hill gave them their sentiment and their omnipresent love of nature. It was not studio nature that these men found. The world of sight is neither classic nor romantic; it is simply natural. The forest taught them this. It was on the edge of the forest that they lived, studied, and painted; and it is there, near the great rocks and oaks he so dearly loved to paint, that Rousseau now lies buried.

Rousseau was the Akela of the pack, the leader and the strongest painter of them all. Indeed, there is no word that seems to describe Rousseau so well as "strength." He was devoted to the fundamental, the basic, the permanent. Toward the close of his life he did little more than draw, so intent was he upon the underlying forms of things. His conception of the earth seemed to circle about its structure, its vast ages of existence, its endurance, its unbroken solidity. Not the great sturdy oak fastening itself in the fissures of the stratified rock alone, not the bulk and scope of hills and mountains alone; but the permanence of the blue sky and the clouds, the binding strength of atmosphere, the power of falling sunlight,—these were the things he loved and studied. He was not blind to the minor beauties of the world, such as the effects of light and color on foliage, water, and skies. He was a man of infinite scope, but back of light and color, back of surface effect, lay the fundamental and the universal—the firm basing of the earth.

A man possessed of such a mind and view, possessed of a skilful hand, and with Fontainebleau forest for a model, could not but produce a strong art. For the first time in the history of French landscape the mirror was held up to nature. But the reflection was not the exact counterpart of the original. No great painter ever tries to show the facsimile, and Rousseau's art was nature—plus an individuality. He had a sentiment about form, light, color, air, that can be felt in every one of his pictures. He saw truly enough, but he saw something more than the bare prosaic facts. Nature was a great poem to him, and all his life he was endeavoring to interpret it. His study was enormous, his labor prodigious; and yet his completed canvases are not so numerous as those of his fellow painters at Barbizon. Like Leonardo with his portrait of Mona Lisa, Rousseau was never satisfied with his work. He kept pictures for months, touching, retouching, patting, caressing them with the brush, trying to better them in every way. And this was not because he lacked in skill, but because he could never fully interpret the vision of truth he saw in the well.

Technically he had a very sure knowledge of form, and, though not always insisting upon detail, he was always insisting upon accuracy. As a draftsman he was excellent, as everyone knows who has seen his drawings of tree forms. He drew everything first, that the skeleton might be correct; then he added stratum upon stratum of colors, gradually building up, rounding and completing his effect until the desired result was reached. And this without mechanism or dryness. It has been truly said that his landscapes are as full of sap as nature itself. He was just as accurate and truthful in his observation of light. It was something that to him was as omnipresent as the air—one of the great fundamentals that revealed the splendor of the world. As a colorist he had great range—and great grasp. He ran over the whole gamut, painting in bright keys as well as sombre ones, and always producing a unity—a massing and a fusing of all the notes into one. His comprehension of wholeness and entirety in landscape was remarkable. All his subjects—and their name is legion—reveal these qualities. Wood interiors, marshes with cattle, vast plains with groups of stalwart oaks bedded in rock, mountains, rivers, sunsets, were all seen with a largeness of vision and as a part of the universal whole. His versatility in theme and motive was a wonder to his friends and his admirers. A painter like Corot, who had but one sweet note, could only gasp: "*Rousseau c'est un aigle. Quant à moi, je ne suis qu'une alouette qui pousse de petites chansons dans mes nuages gris.*" And Rousseau was an eagle. He was ever viewing the earth from a lofty height, seeing and painting mountain, plain, forest, and river—painting them each year of his life in a different style. He had two manners of working, between which he alternated at different periods of his life. The first was detailed and minute in drawing; the second was broad, full, and apparently quite free. His public rather favored the first manner, though the amateurs were shocked that his landscapes were green instead of studio-brown. The broader manner was only appreciated by a few artists and critic friends. In both manners he was honest and straightforward, never shirking a difficulty or trying by *chic* to hide a fault. Seeking the truth of nature all his life, he put down his observations with candor and with the simplicity that lends to strength.

It is useless to repeat the story of his life. It is common knowledge nowadays that he battled against odds, endured neglect and disappointment, and died practically unappreciated. It is small credit to human intelligence that pictures which were rejected at the Salon and declined by the amateurs now sell for enormous prices or are treasured in the art museums of every land. No landscape painter before him ever equalled him, no landscape painter since his time has excelled him; yet it took the race many years to find that out. He went to the shades unsung. "*Rousseau c'est un aigle.*" Honor to you, Père Corot, for uttering that truth so early.

CONSTANT TROYON.

(1810—1865.)

Constant Troyon was born at Sèvres in 1810. His father was connected with the government manufactory of porcelain at that place, and under his instruction the son began his artistic career as a decorator of china ware. By a happy coincidence for him, two unknown young men, named Narcisse Diaz and Jules Dupré, were also employed at Sèvres in the same kind of work. Later on all three formed the acquaintance of Théodore Rousseau, and a bond of personal friendship and artistic sympathy was established between them which was terminated only by death.

Unlike the early Dutch and Flemish painters, these young men belonged to no prosperous guild with its wholesome traditions and famous masters to aid them, nor did they obtain much of permanent value from the schools of their day. But what was far better, they became in a large and vital sense their own instructors; they pursued their own career with nature for their guide; and when they died, they left behind them few heirs of royal blood to question the sovereignty of their fame.

To most of us at the present day Troyon is chiefly known as a great animal painter, especially of cattle and sheep. But it must not be forgotten that long before he began to paint animals he had won distinction as a landscape painter. His career in this field of art was marked by success almost from the start. His first picture was exhibited in the Salon in 1832, when he was twenty-two years of age; three years later he received his first honor—a Medal of the Third Class; in 1839 the Museum at Amiens purchased his Salon picture; in 1840 he obtained a Medal of the Second Class; in 1846 a Medal of the First Class, besides having a picture bought for the Museum at Lille; finally, in 1849, he received his greatest public preferment—the Cross of the Legion of Honor. All these honors, be it remembered, were awarded him before he had publicly exhibited an important picture of animal life, and were bestowed upon him for his excellence as a landscape painter alone.

The year 1848 was the turning point in Troyon's career, for in that year he visited Holland, and it is said found there his true field of painting. It certainly was not Paul Potter's "Young Bull" which determined him to become an animal painter, for he was not much impressed with that over-estimated picture; on the contrary, with his originality and temperament, he was far more likely to have been convinced by the sight of the large, fine cattle feeding in herds or lying in groups upon the low, outstretched Holland meadows, their massive forms outlined against the grey northern sky. He had not been without personal solicitation to combine landscape and animal painting. Indeed, long before this Holland visit, his old friend, M. Louis Robert, an old employé of the manufactory at Sèvres, had urged him to introduce animals into his pictures. So also another friend, M. Ad. Charropin, had given him, time and again, the same advice. Writing on this subject to M. Ph. Burty, the former says: "Year after year I went with Troyon to Barbizon. . . . On rainy days, when we were unable to sketch in the forest, we visited the farms where the watchers of cattle and the tenders of geese posed as our models; more often still to the stables, where we painted the animals. Here Troyon executed the most charming things in the world; and from 1846 to 1848 I constantly implored him to introduce them into his landscapes."

Troyon's exhibit in the Salon of 1849 did not disclose any important animal painting, as might have been expected upon his return from Holland, but it did contain a landscape which clearly revealed the influence of the great Rembrandt in the magical rendering of light and shade. It was the famous "Windmill," of which Théophile Gautier wrote:

"It is the early morning. The sun struggles dimly amid the enveloping mist; the wind rises; then the huge old frame, with worm-eaten planks, begins to creak with regular throbs, like the beatings of the heart, as the great membranous wings stretch themselves in silhouette against the pale splendor of the dawn." It was this picture which marked the culmination of his success thus far in landscape art, and made Troyon Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

If Troyon cared for academic rewards, he certainly had received his full share. As we have seen, in the short space of seventeen years he had won every medal of the Salon save one, and to these distinctions had been added, as we have seen, the Cross of the Legion of Honor; and yet, notwithstanding all this, and although he was forty years old, he had not publicly begun his real career. When in fact he entered upon it, splendidly equipped as he was, there unfortunately remained to him before his death, the too brief space of only fifteen years in which to create the manifold wonders of his brush—only fifteen years in which to live a new life in art and establish his true place among the master painters of the world.

With what increased delight, therefore, he must have painted when he felt that he had found his true vocation, and realized that he was about to reach a greater success than he had heretofore attained! To secure absolute mastery of his subject, he spent no less than eight consecutive summers at the country place of a friend, making beautiful studies of running dogs, which he subsequently employed in his picture, "The Return from the Chase." In like manner he made superb studies of sheep and cattle. A friend of his relates how Troyon, after his return in 1855 from a sketching tour in Touraine, showed him what seemed an almost endless collection of great, splendid studies of cattle, most of which were, indeed, finished pictures; and when he expressed astonishment at their number and beauty, Troyon quietly remarked: "I have made as many as eighteen in a month."

Troyon excelled in painting a variety of animals, as dogs, sheep, and even barnyard fowls, but he excelled most as a painter of cattle. Nor was it merely their outward forms that he portrayed. He had a realizing sense of their character, their habits, their life, as the willing servants of man. To us, those heavy-yoked oxen, with bent necks and measured tread, dragging the plough along the furrows, are living, breathing creatures; and those great awkward cows lazily resting their heavy bodies on the ground, and contentedly chewing their cud, are absolutely so alive, that an expert could tell at a glance how much they weigh; and the spectator almost fears that a near approach may bring them slowly to their feet, and that they may walk out of the canvas. In a word, "His cattle have the heavy step, the philosophical indolence, the calm resignation, the vagueness of look, which are the characteristics of their race."

In these last and best years of his life Troyon never neglected his landscapes, even when the dominant motive of his picture was some expression or movement of animal life. He saw his landscape and his cattle as a pictorial whole, just as we ourselves behold them in nature, and the prominence that he gave to either depended upon his personal point of view. The result was that his success was immediate and complete, and his pictures made a delightful impression on every observer, whether artist, connoisseur, or child.

In concluding this brief sketch of this master, I can do no better than to quote the opinion of a well-known writer on art, Mr. William Ernest Henley, who sums up his estimate of Troyon in these appreciative and convincing words:

"He had the true pictorial sense, and if his lines are often insignificant and ill-balanced, his masses are perfectly proportioned, his values are admirably graded, his tonality is faultless, his effect is absolute in completeness. His method is the large, serene, and liberal expression of great craftsmanship; and with the interest and the grace of art his color unites the charm of individuality, the richness and the potency of a natural force. His training in landscape was varied and severe; and when he came to his right work he applied its results with almost inevitable assurance and tact. He does not sentimentalize his animals, nor concern himself with the drama of their character and gesture. He takes them as components in a general scheme; and he paints them as he has seen them in Nature—enveloped in atmosphere and light, and in an environment of grass and streams and living leafage. His work is not to take the portraits of trees, or animals, or sites, but as in echoes of Virgilian music to suggest and typify the country, with its tranquil meadows, its luminous skies, its quiet waters, and that abundance of flocks and herds, at once the symbol and the source of its prosperity."

JULES DUPRÉ.

(1812—1889.)

IT seems only yesterday that Jules Dupré died, and yet he and Rousseau were the moving spirits who started the Fontainebleau School far back in the 1830's. He alone of the original group lived to see the work of the school appreciated—lived to see Rousseau acclaimed a prince and Millet crowned. He was born in the same year with Rousseau, met him early, and was his life-long friend and champion. They started painting together, and it is not possible now to determine who deserved the greater credit for the new movement. Suffice it to say that between them the naturalistic landscape of modern French art was founded.

Doubtless these life-long friends, by the interchange of ideas and the comparison of methods, influenced each other somewhat. At any rate there seems not a great deal of difference in their points of view, apart from the personal equation which neither of them could or would relinquish. Dupré himself said that they used to go into the forest and saturate themselves with truth, and when they returned to the studio they squeezed the sponge. Yes; but it was a slightly different sponge that each squeezed. The individualities of the men were not the same. Dupré had a melancholy strain about him, and all his life was a somewhat lonely man. He was at his happiest when by himself with the storms of nature. He preferred nature in her sombre moods, and was forever picturing gathering clouds, sunbursts, dark shadows, swaying trees, wind-whipped waters, and the silence after storm. This love of the dark side of nature appears as a personal confession in almost all of his work. It was his individual bias which distinguished him from Rousseau, who was fond of the sun and its brilliant colors. Yet beneath the rough aspects of nature Dupré saw with Rousseau the majestic strength, mass, and harmony of the forest; saw the bulk and volume of the oaks, the great ledges of moss-covered rock, the sweeping lines of hills, the storm light, the voyaging clouds, the vast aërial envelope. His mental grasp of the scheme entire was not inferior to Rousseau's, but perhaps he had not the latter's patient energy and infinite capacity for labor. He threw off work with greater ease and was satisfied with a slighter result. But this only by comparison. As a matter of fact, he was a very strong painter of landscape and a superb painter of the sea. The open sea with one or two wind-blown fishing smacks and a stormy sky was his delight. And in this great expanse of water he saw what Rousseau saw in the earth and sky—the eternal permanence of nature's work. His ocean is a heaving immensity that has always existed, an unconquerable field that retains no impress from humanity, a vast untamed element that rolls and tosses and seethes as remorseless and as beautiful to-day as when God said, "Let there be light." And the sublime strength of it in storm! This was the quality that Dupré felt above everything else, and this it was that he continually strove to portray. He failed often, especially in his latter-day work; but when he succeeded, how powerful was the success!

Dupré's landscapes—the oaks of Fontainebleau under a deep blue sky with cumulus clouds, the outstretched plain of Barbizon, the grove with a white house and a pool of water—are quite as familiar as his marines. They are never lacking in a virile sense of body and bulk, and they are always pleasing in their air, light, and color; howbeit the melancholy and the sombre view is there. He came at a time when the high register of impressionism was unknown, but his deep reds, russet-browns, dark greens, and cobalt blues are still profound color harmonies. Art changes like all things human; but the good art always remains good, the bad art always remains bad. And the spirit, the poetry, the charm that a painter puts in his work, if it be honest, will never pall upon succeeding generations. The pathos of Botticelli, the naïve sincerity of Carpaccio, are just as pertinent to this century as the charm of Corot or Daubigny and the Michael-Angelesque strength of Rousseau. Just so with Dupré's poetry of nature's dark moods. Cloud and shadow, wind and storm were the very wings of his muse. He loved them deeply and painted them with a lover's passion. Throughout his long life he did not swerve from his early allegiance. He saw others rise about him with different views, different interpretations of nature, different methods, but with calm dignity he held his individual way. Good or bad, what work he sent forth he would have his own and bear a personal seal. Such work is never likely to pall upon the taste.

Fortune favored Dupré with a more even disposition than his companion Rousseau. He got along with the world better, was more successful financially, and had less bitterness in his life. He outlived all the early tempests that gathered about the heads of the band and saw the ideas they had struggled for at last acknowledged. His quiet bearing under success was as admirable as his fortitude under early failure. He was not easily turned aside or beaten down or over-exalted. The belief of his youth he carried with him into old age, firmly convinced that some day it would triumph. It has triumphed, and Dupré with Rousseau has been justified.

CHARLES-FRANÇOIS DAUBIGNY.

(1817—1878.)

CHARLES-FRANÇOIS DAUBIGNY, the youngest of the men now known as the Barbizon painters, was born in Paris in 1817. His father was a teacher of drawing, and his uncle and aunt were miniature painters of enough importance to have their work exhibited at the Salon. With strong inherited artistic tastes, pencils and paint naturally became the playthings of his youth, and long before he had reached his majority they were the means of his daily livelihood. He began his artistic work by ornamenting articles of household use. He afterwards learned the art of engraving and etching, and became an illustrator of books. In painting he was a pupil of Paul Delaroche.

Defeated as a candidate for the Prix de Rome, not by competition, but because, ignorant of the rules, he was absent on the day when the preparations began, he resolutely determined to save every sou he could spare from his daily needs, in order that he might, as soon as possible, pay his own expenses to Rome. The story, as told by M. Henriet, is in substance as follows: Daubigny at this period of his youth shared his lodgings and his money with his friend Mignan, another art student. Both boys determined that they would go to Italy, and hoarded their small savings for that purpose day by day, not in a common cash-box, which they could open in a moment of weakness with a knife, but in a built-up hole in the wall of their room, which nobody could plunder without the aid of a crowbar; they lived sparingly, kept no account of their deposits, but remained in a delightful uncertainty of the rate of their accumulation, till at the end of a year, in fear and trembling, they broke open the wall and let out a tinkling rivulet of small coins, which amounted to fourteen hundred francs; with this wealth and with gaiters and knapsacks they bravely set out together and walked to Rome. They spent four months in Italy, and then walked home—Mignan to marry, and Daubigny to resume his old employment.

In 1836 or '7, when about twenty years of age, Daubigny went to Holland. He, too, had heard about Paul Potter's "Young Bull" and Rembrandt's "Night Watch," and wanted to see them with his own eyes.

Daubigny, more than any other man of the Barbizon School, was a painter of delightful, lovable pictures. He had a singular appreciation, not only of what was lovely in itself, but what was pictorially beautiful as well. Ugliness had no place in his domain of art, least of all as a theme for technical display.

His early impressions of the country clung to him through life. His biographer, M. Henriet, says: "It is among the apple-orchards, in the pure air of the open country, that he passed his earlier years and imbibed that love of the fields which became the passion of his life." And so in 1857, when he exhibited at the Salon of that year the picture which won for him the Cross of the Legion of Honor, it is interesting to note that the subject he had chosen was "Springtime," and represents a peasant girl riding through a field of tender, upright grain, while on either side of her—the prominent features of the landscape—are groups of young apple trees, whose branches are laden with blossoms. The picture was bought by the government, and is now in the Louvre. It is a charming work, executed with great delicacy and painstaking care, but wanting somewhat in that vigor of handling and richness of color which he attained in his later and riper works.

But although Daubigny loved the orchards, the vineyards, and the fields, it was the beauties of the Oise and the Marne and the Seine which finally furnished him the subjects of so many lovely pictures during the later and best period of his life. His preparations for sketching were original and complete. He built a large boat which he called "le Bottin," and it became at once his floating studio and his summer home. And what a charming studio it was! Albert Wolff says: "The boat used by Daubigny was arranged for long voyages; the cooking was done on board; there was a good wine-cellar; you drank deep and worked hard. The sketches accumulated, and when winter was come, Daubigny returned to Paris provisioned with the booty of art and nature, the landscapes which, toward the close of his life, collectors and dealers battled for."

With this boat for his river home, how absolutely the usual annoyances which attend a painter's work passed away. No longer now the tramp of miles to greet the fragrant, misty morn; no more the blazing heat of noon to interrupt his work; no splashing of a sudden shower to hurry him to shelter; but delightfully protected in his boat, with every appliance and needed comfort at his hand, he could paint at will at morning, noon, or evening hour, until the gathering twilight closed the labors of the day. And so, with his son Karl, and sometimes his daughter, for companions, he went up and down the rivers of France, mooring his house-boat to the bank or anchoring it in midstream, wherever a lovely spot invited him to linger. He knew every bend in the river, every bush upon its banks, every slender tree lifting its foliage towards the summer sky, every deep pool with their reflections mirrored in its depths; and these he painted with such poetic fervor and such loving care that, beholding his picture, we forget the master, forget our own selves, and see only that which entranced the artist—Nature, idyllic, serene, and robed in beauty.

That Daubigny had his limitations is simply to say that he was mortal; but among modern landscape painters, I doubt if there can be found a man whose pictures have delighted a more numerous, more varied, more enthusiastic and more cultivated body of admirers than this painter of the rivers of France. Careful in his choice of subject in the first place, he knew no limitations as to the hour of the day in which to paint it. To him it was quite enough that the scene was beautiful. Indeed this dominant quality of beauty, united to truth of local color, and stamped with his own personality, is one of the most recognizable characteristics of his works. Who has suggested with greater charm the soft springiness of the green sod to the tread of our feet? Who with greater realism the freshness of the air and the scent of the earth after a shower? Who with greater loveliness the banks of the Seine, with its slender trees and overhanging bushes reflected in the placid waters beneath? Who with greater solemnity the hush of the night, when the pale moon mounts the sky, and sheds over hill and stream its veiled, mysterious light? Ah, all this may not be great painting, but it goes straight to the heart. Of him Edmund About says:

"The art of this illustrious master consists in choosing well a bit of country and painting it as it is, enclosing in its frame all the simple and naïve poetry which it contains. No effects of studied light, no artificial and complicated composition, nothing which allures the eyes, surprises the mind, and crushes the littleness of man. No, it is the real, hospitable and familiar country, without display or disguise, in which one finds himself so well off, and in which one is wrong not to live longer when he is there, to which interest by introducing small figures of bathers at a pool, figures of riders, huntsmen, woodsmen, gypsies. The landscape he did directly from nature, in the forest or on its outskirts, but the figures were figments of his brain, probably put in as an after-thought for mystery and color effect. The landscape hardly needed the added figures for mystery, for Diaz had a way of putting weirdness and romance in the light and air, in the quiet pools, in the trees themselves. With all their fascinating charm there was something solemn and impressive in his wood interiors. Still, it cannot be said that his work suffered by the introduction of figures. They lent brightness, liveliness, accent to the scene, and above all they were the high-pitched color notes of the composition. Diaz had a color sense of his own which none of the masters who influenced him in art could eradicate. There was a sobriety about Rousseau even in his highest chromatic flights; his color scheme was true, studied, exact in every respect. Diaz, on the contrary, was volatile, enthusiastic, capricious, and his work at times gives one the impression of abandon and improvization. He knew the truth of nature, but he was no slave to it. Like Turner, he was for making a picture first of all, and if certain notes or tones were not in the scene he put them in. And who shall gainsay the wisdom of his course in doing so? A picture is not necessarily valuable for the amount of truth it conveys. Its first affair is to be a picture.

But the popular impression that Diaz was the unrestrained happy-go-lucky, devil-may-care painter of the group is somewhat wide of the mark. That a painter has a fanciful spirit and easy execution does not necessarily argue a careless hand or a superficial eye. Watteau was just as serious in his mood as Michael Angelo ; and Diaz, though he had not Dupré's melancholy or Rousseau's great thoughtfulness, was very far from knocking off his Fontainebleau landscapes with a dash and a laugh. He studied long and hard over his canvases, and the gayer-hued and more volatile they appeared the harder he had to study over them. Of course he was uneven in his work (every painter is so more or less), but one seldom finds him uninteresting. His drawing was not fautless compared with Rousseau's; but this comparison —and it is always made—is hard upon poor Diaz. Rousseau's drawing of landscape has never been equalled, and if there were no Rousseau we should find no fault with Diaz. Besides, drawing means different things to different men. Diaz would not tolerate outline where he could use the color patch, and in that respect he was a true follower of Delacroix. It is his color patch that people talk about as his "uncertain drawing," and they talk about it quite unconscious of the fact that Diaz meant it to be a patch, a tone, a value, and not a rim or a line. They often talk, too, of his "distorted lights," just as though he did not design them so with full knowledge of the result they would produce.

If we choose to run on in this vein, the light, the color, the trees, the skies, everything by Diaz—or, for that matter, by anyone else—could be written down as false to nature. But that is not recognizing painting as the convention that it is. The first and final question is always: "Has the painter made a picture?" And to that, in the case of Diaz, there can be but one answer. He made many of them, and most excellent ones into the bargain. His figure pieces are his slighter works, and are not the ones that gave him his fame. He lives by his Fontainebleau landscapes. He is the third man in the great triad, and, though different in sentiment, mood, and individuality from Rousseau or Dupré, he is not unworthy to be named with them as one of the great landscape painters of the century.

Diaz was more successful in a worldly way than either of his companions. His pictures sold readily and he received many honors. But he never forgot his less fortunate comnevertheless deserves recognition as the forerunner of that great school of landscape art which for so many years has been the glory of France.

William Ernest Henley, in his historical and biographical notes of the Glasgow International Exhibition of 1888, says of Michel:

"His place in French art is peculiar. At a time when the classic convention was most oppressive and triumphant, he was working from nature in the plain of Montmartre, intent upon realizing a conception of painting adapted from and largely inspired by the practice of Ruysdael and Hobbema. He was, indeed, a *romantique* before romanticism; yet when romanticism came, and was seen, and conquered, it passed the old man by as though he had not been. . . . To compare him with Crome—with whose art his own has certain analogies—is to liken small with great. His handling is seldom strong, his modelling is often primitive and naïve, so that his accomplishment is not of the type that makes men memorable. But his colour—whose scheme is one of low blues and browns—is often personal and is almost always decorative, and his simple fantasias on the themes of Nature are touched with an imaginative quality that, conjoined with the sound convention of which he was a master, enables them to hold their own upon a wall against the good work of far greater men."

RICHARD WILSON, R.A.

(1714—1782.)

THE most picturesque, as well as the most pitiable, figure among the early landscape painters of Great Britain is Richard Wilson. In point of time he was the earliest of them all, and in his life the most neglected of them all; although in less than a hundred years after his death his works have become classic and his fame immortal.

Little is known of Wilson's personal history. He was too unimportant a person in his day to attract the admiration of the multitude, and his death made no ripple on the surface of the waters which rolled over his memory. He was born in Wales in 1714. In early youth he developed a talent for drawing which was encouraged by his relation, Sir George Wynn, who sent him to London to study the art of painting. He was placed in the studio of a portrait painter named Wright, where he remained six years as his pupil, having, doubtless, long before that time had expired learned all that his master had to teach. He began his career as a portrait painter, but his portraits, like those of his master, are for the most part forgotten. When Wilson was thirty-six years old, he set out for Italy, where he remained for six years studying the works of the old masters and storing his mind with the associations and traditions of that historic land. Under the advice of Zucarelli he abandoned portrait painting and took up landscape painting instead. Joseph Vernet, the French painter at Rome, was so impressed with Wilson's talent that he invited him to exchange landscapes, and used to say to his English visitors and patrons who came to his studio: "Don't talk of my landscapes alone, when your countryman, Wilson, paints so beautifully."

Wilson returned to England with high hopes of success in his native land. He was doomed to disappointment. Although his merit was so conspicuous among the artists of the day that he was made one of the thirty-six founders of the Royal Academy, and although he bore the influential title of R.A., still the great public saw nothing in his landscapes to excite their admiration, much less a desire to purchase them, although they were so beautiful that they won for him the title of the "English Claude." While in Italy he had caught the spirit of the old Italian masters, and he sought to reproduce it in his English home. His pictures were full of reminiscences of Italy. As Allan Cunningham has said: "His landscapes are fanned with the pure air, warmed with the glowing suns, filled with the ruined temples and sparkling with the wooded streams and tranquil lakes of that classic region." The landscapes that the Englishmen of his day possessed bore foreign names, and they never dreamed of finding anything to compare with them from one of their own countrymen and at their own doors. It was quite enough for them to believe that no Englishman could paint good landscapes, and they accordingly passed his pictures by as unworthy of their patronage. As years rolled by, without encouragement and almost without friends, the disheartened painter at last went to the pawnbrokers to dispose of his pictures. As they too, in their turn, found his works unsalable, they at length rebelled. Said one of them to him, when he had brought another picture to pawn: "Why, look ye, Dick! You know I want to oblige, but see! there are all the pictures I have paid ye for these last three years."

Allan Cunningham gives this most pitiable account of the old painter's condition a short time before he died: "As fortune forsook him he made sketches for half a crown and expressed gratitude to Paul Sandby for purchasing a number from him at a small advance in price. . . . His last retreat in this wealthy city was a small room somewhere about Tottenham-Court Road; an easel and a brush, a chair and a table, a hard bed with but few clothes, a scanty meal and the favorite pot of porter were all Wilson could call his own. A disgrace to an age which lavished its tens of thousands on mountebanks and projectors, on Italian screamers, and men who made mouths at Shakespeare." Ernest Chesneau says: "In France Wilson would have been covered with honor and glory."

Wilson's pictures are scattered throughout England, a few in public galleries, but by far the most in private collections. Those in the National Gallery and South Kensington Museum do not fairly represent him at his best. The works that gave expression to the full scope of his genius are to be found for the most part in the ancestral homes of England, where they are the honored companions of the best examples of the Dutch and French masters. His Italian subjects are regarded as his best. He looked at nature as a visible poem spread out before him, and in the spirit of a poet he translated her on his canvas. He was keenly sensitive to beauty of form, to elegance of composition, to the charm of sunny color with which he bathed his sunset skies. With a mind singularly open to the influence of classic story and song, he delighted in painting those scenes of sylvan beauty whose ruined temples are the fragmentary memorials of great events in the history of the race. His works have long since become classic in English art and have influenced many a painter since his day, among whom Turner himself may be named when he painted the two great pictures in the National Gallery now and the hand of a master. It is quite true, that scarcely anybody bought them and that few even took the trouble to notice them; for at this period a just appreciation of native landscape art in England was something almost unknown. "They stood in long lines from his hall to his painting room," says Sir William Beechey, "and those who came to sit for their portraits rarely deigned to honor them with a look as they passed along." Portrait painting was the only kind of English art which brought home a guinea. Richard Wilson, when past middle life, tried the experiment of painting landscapes to the exclusion of portraiture, with which he had begun his career, but, great master that he was, he paid a heavy penalty for his choice, for his beautiful pictures were neglected and unsold, and the painter's days were spent in poverty and often in absolute want.

Of Wilson's landscapes one has beautifully said: "His streams seemed all abodes for nymphs, and his temples worthy of gods;" while of Gainsborough's, "The wildest nooks of his woods have their living tenants, and in all his glades and valleys, we see the sons and daughters of men."

Gainsborough's pictures, even in his early manner, when he seemed to have some of the Dutch painters in his mind,—particularly Wynants in composition, and Ruysdael in color,—have about them the stamp and the flavor of old England. And if he were to be influenced by any one, what better master in landscape painting could he possibly have than Ruysdael, whom Fromantin calls "the most distinguished figure in the school after Rembrandt;" and again, "next to Claude Lorraine, the greatest landscape painter in the world"? And yet if you compare the two, Gainsborough had a greater and more varied gamut of color than the Dutchman; he had equal richness and depth of tone, and with it all he gave to his subject a faithful and loving devotion unsurpassed even in the best achievements of the older master.

Later on Gainsborough's style changed. All suggestion of Dutch influence passed away. His manner of painting partook somewhat of the free, broad, sketchy handling and the mellow golden tone of Watteau; and yet it is doubtful if Gainsborough was at all familiar with the really fine pictures of the great French painter. But in whatever aspect Gainsborough's work is observed, whether in landscape or in portraiture, whether in his earlier or his later pictures, he is thoroughly national in his feeling and point of view, so that Sir Joshua rightly declared:

"If ever this nation shall produce a genius sufficient to acquire the honourable distinction of an English School, the name of Gainsborough will be transmitted to posterity, in this history of art, among the very first of that rising name."

Forty-eight years after Gainsborough's death, John Constable, in an address delivered at the "Royal Institute of Great Britain," paid this eloquent tribute to the landscape painting of his great Suffolk predecessor:

"The landscape of Gainsborough is soothing, tender, and affecting. The stillness of noon, the depths of twilight, and the dews and pearls of the morning, are all to be found on the canvases of this most benevolent and kind-hearted man. On looking at them, we find tears in our eyes, and know not what brings them. . . . Gainsborough has been compared to Murillo by those who cannot distinguish between the *subject* and the *art*. Like Murillo he painted the peasantry of his country, but here the resemblance ceases. His taste was in all respects greatly superior to that of the Spanish painter."—Leslie's "Life of Constable," p. 147.

Ernest Chesneau, the distinguished French art writer, in his "English School of Painting," says (page 115):

"And now I repeat what I have already said: Gainsborough is the father of English landscape. He proceeded on the contrary plan to that of Wilson. . . . He did not wait until a spirit from on high should influence him under other skies; he never left his island, and the Suffolk woods always seemed to him the most beautiful in the world." Again, at page 141, he contrasts Gainsborough and Constable in these words:

"The youth of both Gainsborough and Constable was spent in Suffolk, and thus this County has the honor of being the birthplace of England's two greatest landscape painters.

"Sweetness, grace, and a tinge of melancholy shed their softening charm over Gainsborough's landscape. Through the clouds one imagines a soft sky; no hard or sharp angles are visible; the too vivid colors tone themselves down, subject to his unconsciously sympathetic handling; every smallest detail breathes of the serenity which issued from Gainsborough's own peaceful temperament. The painting of the other artist, with its brilliant and sometimes even hard tones; its gusty rain-clouds driven before the north wind; its deep, frozen water, reveals to you the boldness of a strong nature, the agitations of a passionate soul. Whilst Gainsborough regards Nature in the light of his own pure and tender feeling, Constable, in a masterful and imperious manner, lifts the veil of beauty and depicts her in her grand and angry moods." *

The tenderness and the passionate impulse of Gainsborough's nature, so often seen in his landscapes, find expression also in his portraits. His love of color was greater than his love of form. In his portraits we occasionally discover defects in drawing, but they are not due so much to his inability to draw correctly, as to a slight carelessness in minor details, and his absorption in important things, as the grace, the elegance, the personal character, the air of distinction which he gave to his subject.

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* "The English School of Painting," by Ernest Chesneau. Translated by Lucy N. Etherington. 2d ed. (London, 1885), pp. 141, 142.

Besides all this he makes you feel that his portraits are distinct personalities; that they are alive—so much so, that they often seem as though about to speak. Gainsborough, moreover, has this distinction, that among all the painters of his country and time, and indeed almost among the painters of any country and time, he stands alone as one equally great in landscape or in portraiture. In his own day as a landscape painter he was without a peer; while in portraiture he divided supremacy in Sir Joshua's chosen field of art.

A present Associate of the Royal Academy, Mr. W. B. Richmond, concludes a critical essay on the works of Thomas Gainsborough as follows:

"The extreme freshness of colour in Gainsborough's portraits contrasts rather forcibly with the brown harmonies of his landscapes, so that he is nearer nature in the fresh face of a woman than in the colour of a pollard or oak. His portraits are not conventional; his landscapes often are. Therefore, his portraits are artistically the more valuable; and though admiration cannot hold aloof from, nor artistic enthusiasm stand unmoved before, his art as a painter of landscape, Gainsborough will live chiefly and rightly by those poetic, subtle, generous likenesses of the beauty, grace, and noble bearing of the men and women of his time.

"Without the variety or learning of Reynolds, wanting in the vigorous truth of Hogarth, less masterly in academic power than Romney, Gainsborough fascinates more than any of these great men, by the unconscious sympathy with which he feels, by the unartificial manner of his work, by his very simple love of truth, by the exquisite sensibility of his treatment, and above all, by as high a feeling for beauty as has been possessed by any English painter." *

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* "English Art in the Public Galleries of London" (London, 1888), p. 36.

Mr. Walter Armstrong says:

"The Ayrshire ploughman lives by the purity of his genius, by the quality, in fact, of his gift. Gainsborough will do the same. His pictures will not attract the scribe. Nobody will laboriously recount every stage in the process of their genesis. . . . They are simply gems born of the fire struck out at the contact of a rare artistic spirit with the beauty of the world."—"Gainsborough," p. 86.

Of this great artist, John Ruskin, with characteristic enthusiasm says:

"A great name his, whether of the English or any other school. . . . The greatest colourist since Rubens. . . . Gainsborough's power of colour is capable of taking rank beside that of Rubens; he is the purest colourist, Sir Joshua himself not excepted, of the whole English School. . . . In the purely technical part of painting, Turner is a child to Gainsborough. . . . His hand is as light as the sweep of a cloud, as swift as the flash of a sunbeam. . . . His forms are grand, simple, ideal. . . . He never loses sight of his picture as a whole. . . . In a word, Gainsborough is an immortal painter."—"Handbook to the National Gallery," pp. 398, 399.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.

(1723—1792.)

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS was born at Plympton, Devonshire, England, July 16, 1723. When eighteen years of age, he went to London and became the pupil of Hudson, who has been characterized as the most distinguished "portrait maker" of that time. His connection with his teacher was destined to an abrupt termination before it had lasted quite two years. It is said that Reynolds painted the portrait of an old servant woman in the house with such astonishing success that the master became jealous of the applause his pupil received and dismissed him from his studio.

When twenty-six years of age, Reynolds went to Italy to complete his study of art. He remained there three years, studying the works of Titian and Paul Veronese and the other great masters of the Italian School.

He returned to England in 1752 and began at once the practice of his profession. The painters whom he had left behind him with one accord condemned his style, and his old teacher, Hudson, was loudest in his denunciation. Reynolds, however, pursued the even tenor of his way and speedily acquired fame and fortune. In the year 1758 he is said to have painted more portraits than in any other year throughout his life. "He received six sitters daily who appeared in their turns; and he kept regular lists of those who sat and of those who were waiting until a finished portrait should open a vacancy for their admission. He painted them as they stood upon his lists and often sent the work home before the colors were dry. . . . His study was octagonal, some twenty feet long, sixteen broad, and about fifteen feet high. The window was small and square, and the sill nine feet from the floor. His sitter's chair moved on castors and stood above the floor a foot and a half. He held his palettes by a handle and his brushes were eighteen inches long. He wrought standing and with great celerity. He rose early, breakfasted at nine, entered his study at ten, examined designs or touched unfinished portraits till eleven brought a sitter; painted till four; then dressed and gave the evening to company." *

When the Royal Academy was founded, Reynolds was made its first president and was knighted by the king. He held the office for twenty-one years, and retired amid expressions of universal and profound regret. As a rule, his pictures were unsigned. A notable exception is found in his famous painting of "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse," now in possession of the Duke of Westminster. When the work was finished, the great painter said to the equally great actress, with courtly grace, "Madam, allow me to go down to posterity on the hem of your garment," and on the edge of her dress he traced these words, "Reynolds, pinxit."

In an age of flattery and fashion, Sir Joshua chose for his intimate associates such men as Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith and Sterne and Garrick and Edmund Burke. Dr. Johnson was his welcome and constant guest; Burke was his admirer and stanch friend; Goldsmith dedicated to him his "Deserted Village;" the University of Oxford conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law, and his old neighbors signalized their appreciation of

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* Cunningham's "British Painters," vol. i., p. 201.

his growing fame by making him Mayor of his native town.

While Reynolds occasionally painted allegorical figures, as, for example, the series for the windows of New College Chapel at Oxford, still it is as a painter of portraits that he reached his greatest heights. Writing of his portraits, Dr. Johnson said: "I should grieve to see Reynolds transfer to heroes and goddesses, to empty splendor and to airy fiction, that art which is now employed in diffusing friendship, in renewing tenderness, in quickening the affections of the absent and continuing the presence of the dead."

Reynolds delighted in painting children as well as beautiful women and distinguished men. To all he imparted something of his own kindly nature, always striving to conceal defects, always aiming to heighten the beauty or ennoble the character of his subject. To posterity his portraits have become beautiful pictures as well as likenesses of those who were fortunate enough to secure his services. Says Allan Cunningham: "In character and expression and in manly ease he has never been surpassed. He is always equal—always natural—graceful, unaffected. His boldness of posture and his singular freedom of colouring are so supported by all the grace of art, by all the sorcery of skill, that they appear natural and noble. Over the meanest head he sheds the halo of dignity; his men are all nobleness; his women all loveliness, and his children all simplicity; yet they are all like the living originals."

The accomplished English art writer, W. E. Henley, concludes a brief essay on Reynolds in these words: "The pedants pass—they and their catalogues with them; the literary critic of art dies of his own literature; the fashions, the airs and graces of inspiration change, flourish, and are forgotten almost with the hour. But for Sir Joshua there is no vanishing, nor death, nor change. He had the supreme good sense to recognize that Raphael, Titian, Van having contributed in all over one hundred examples of his work.

But, whatever merit his pictures may have possessed, he received little encouragement from the public or the press. For nine long years his pictures were returned to him unsold at the close of each annual exhibition. His parents, thrifty, watchful people, became alarmed at his want of success, and warmly advised him to abandon landscape painting and to take up portrait painting instead. They had the well-known example of Richard Wilson before their eyes; and they remembered, too, that their Suffolk neighbor, Thomas Gainsborough, had only been saved from want by his marvellous success as a portrait painter. But Constable turned a deaf ear to their warnings and solicitude. There were just two men in all England who believed in his ultimate success. One was his stanch friend and supporter, Archdeacon Fisher, and the other, the resolute painter himself. "I love every stile and stump and lane in the village," he cried, "and as long as I am able to hold a brush, I shall never cease to paint them."

Constable was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1819. During all the years of his exhibitions thus far, it is doubtful if he had sold a dozen pictures from public galleries. But the time was soon to come when a picture painted by him was destined to have a profound influence upon the art of landscape painting in France, and to bring to the patient painter honor and immortality. This picture was first exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1821, and in the British Gallery in 1822, under the modest title, "Landscape—Noon," but now known to all the world as "The Haywain,"—his masterpiece. It was returned from both exhibitions without public recognition or a purchaser. The next year, his friend, Archdeacon Fisher, wrote to Constable as follows:

"I have a great desire to possess your 'Wain;' but I cannot reach what it is worth, and what you must have. . . . It will be of the most value to your children by continuing to hang where it does, till you join the society of Ruysdael and Wilson and Claude; as praise and money will then be of no value to you personally, the world will liberally bestow both." The rest of the story is soon told. A Frenchman who had seen and admired the picture wanted to purchase it to take to France for exhibition there. After two years had passed with no purchaser at home, Constable reluctantly sold the "Haywain" and two other pictures to this persistent admirer for 270*l*; and so three years after its first exhibition in London, this great picture went to a foreigner for a song. On its arrival in Paris, it was exhibited at the Louvre, where it excited mingled consternation and applause. As all the world knows, Constable received a Gold Medal from the king and had his pictures hung in the Salon of Honor.

The French Government offered to buy the "Haywain," but the owner refused to separate it from the other two. This picture did not permanently remain in France. Its immediate history following the Exhibition is unknown. But in 1871, and again in 1886, it formed a part of the "Works of the Old Masters," exhibited at Burlington House, London, and belonged to Henry Vaughan, Esq. It is related of this gentleman that, having been approached with an offer of 10,000*l* for the "Haywain," he replied: "If this picture is worth the sum you name, I cannot longer afford to keep it; and when it leaves my possession, it shall go into the custody of the Nation." Accordingly, in 1886, he presented it to the National Gallery. Alas, for the gifted painter! As his friend Fisher had once predicted, he had long before "joined the society of Ruysdael and Wilson and Claude," and valueless to him were the praise and money his tardy countrymen were now eager to bestow.

Although Constable made innumerable studies in the open air, it was his custom to paint his pictures wholly in his studio. His most important works, or, as he called them, his "six-foot canvases," were often preceded by smaller finished pictures of the same subject, differing only in some minor detail, according as the point of observation was changed; yet in all essential respects, save size, they were the same. Owing to the fact that he seldom signed or dated his pictures, it is quite impossible to determine with entire accuracy the years in which many of them were painted. Indeed, it is said he was thirteen years in painting "Waterloo Bridge." He freely used the palette knife, finding that it gave breadth and solidity to his masses and purity and splendor to his coloring. This is notably the case with his famous "Waterloo Bridge," which Leslie declared, "seemed as though painted with liquid silver and gold."

While the National Gallery contains a few of his most important pictures, and the Kensington Museum a valuable collection of his studies, it is nevertheless in private homes in England that one must look for the greatest number of representative specimens of his work. As the years roll on, his fame has increased wherever a love of nature is fostered in art; and although many an artist popular in his day has passed into oblivion, John Constable has survived and stands to-day among the great enduring landscape painters of the English race.

JOHN CROME, "OLD CROME."

(1769—1821.)

JOHN CROME, the son of a journeyman weaver, was born in a public house at Norwich, England, in 1769. He was called "Old Crome" to distinguish him from his eldest son, John Bernay Crome, who was also a painter, but without the talent or reputation of his father. In early life, John Crome was a sign and coach painter, and gained a living at that occupation. A love of nature and a love of art carried his thoughts and aspirations beyond the narrow confines of this mechanical drudgery, and he longed to become an artist worthy of the name. His poverty, however, prevented him from enjoying the instruction of living masters, and he therefore eagerly sought every opportunity of studying the masters who were dead. Of the old Dutch painters, the one whom he most admired was Hobbema. "Hobbema, my dear Hobbema, how I have loved you!" were the last words that fell from the dying painter's lips. The opportunities afforded him for such improvement, however, were of rare occurrence, and he was happily led to the study of nature herself, whom he found to be his best instructor, after the necessary knowledge of his craft had been acquired.

While engaged in the occupation of teaching, it was his constant habit to take his pupils with him into the fields and woods to study nature there. A brother painter once met him in the fields, surrounded by a group of young people, and remarked to him: "Why, I thought I had left you in the city engaged in your school." "I am in my school," Crome replied, "and teaching my scholars from the only true examples. Do you think," pointing to a lovely distant view, "that you or I can do better than that?" For a long time Crome's teaching brought him more returns than his landscapes, and he was obliged to combine the two to make a comfortable living. By and by his talents became known, and the families of influence in his neighborhood began to patronize him and give him commissions for his pictures. In 1803, when Crome was thirty-four years of age, he gathered about him a number of local amateurs and artists and founded "The Norwich Society of Artists," some of whom have since become as popular in England as the more celebrated "Barbizon School" now is in France. He was its President and leading spirit and most distinguished member. He occasionally sent a picture to the Royal Academy, but his interests were centred in his native Norwich, where he had become a recognized authority in Art. He was a liberal contributor to the Exhibitions there, often sending as many as twenty pictures to their annual displays.

John Crome and John Constable share somewhat with Thomas Gainsborough the honors of leadership in the English School of painting. It was this triumvirate who exercised upon English landscape art a more wholesome and potent influence than all other artists of their day combined. Says Ernest Chesneau: "Gainsborough and Crome had succeeded in bringing about a revulsion of feeling in the public mind with regard to the imitations of Italian scenery, and it was John Constable who had the glory of completing the work which they had commenced." *

Allan Cunningham says of Crome: "All about him is

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* "The English School of Painters," by Ernest Chesneau, p. 138.

sterling English; he has no foreign airs or put-on graces; he studied and understood the woody scenery of his native land with the skill of a botanist and the eye of a poet; to him a grove was not a mere mass of picturesque stems and foliage; each tree claimed a separate sort of handling; he touched them according to their kind; with him an ash, hung with its silver keys, was different from an oak covered with acorns. Nor was it his pleasure only to show nature silent and inanimate; to the grove he gave its tenants; to the glades their cattle and their cottages; nothing was mean, all was natural and striking." *

Crome also painted most delightfully harbor scenes and shipping. A picture of his, entitled "Yarmouth Harbour," was at one time exhibited at Burlington House. Cunningham, after speaking of its remarkable quality in other respects, says:

"Moreover, it is lifted above the commonplace by being set in a soft haze of yellow light, such as we see in many of Cuyp's paintings. The scene, indeed, might well be taken for one of Cuyp's views of Dordrecht, so masterly is its treatment of the mellow light of a warm, misty day."

The small picture in this collection, entitled "Yarmouth Beach," is a fair example of the style of painting just described.

With the exception of a single trip to Holland and to Paris, Crome never left his native shores. His works are made up of thoroughly characteristic English subjects. For the most part they are taken from the neighborhood of Norwich and from Norfolk coast scenes. To the exhibitions of the "Norwich Society of Artists" he contributed no less than 290 examples. His works are for the most part in the possession of Norfolk homes. But while this self-taught, jovial painter found an appreciative patronage among the art-loving folk in and about his native town, it

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* "British Painters," vol. iii., p. 171.

was reserved for another generation of his countrymen to assign him his true position in landscape art. In his own day his fame was purely local, and it was not until an exhibition of his works was held at Burlington House that the world found out how great a master "Old Crome" was. He is represented by five examples in the South Kensington Museum; and by three in the National Gallery. Two of the latter, "The Windmill" and "Mousehold Heath," are so fine that they entitle him to rank among the great landscape painters of the world.

John Crome died in 1821, after a few days of illness, in the fifty-second year of his age.

JOHN SELL COTMAN.

(1782—1842.)

Of all the landscape painters of England, Richard Wilson alone excepted, there was probably no one less understood in his own day or less appreciated by the generation that came after him than John Sell Cotman. Nor is this to be wondered at. The greater part of his life he spent in etching, in painting water colors, and as a teacher of drawing at King's College School, London. His paintings in oil are comparatively few; he is by no means adequately represented in any of the public galleries in Great Britain. His best pictures are scattered about in private collections in England; and their owners, for the most part, have not yet been tempted to part with them, notwithstanding the present interest in the paintings of the Norwich school.

John Sell Cotman was born at Norwich, England, in 1782. He was a contemporary of John Constable, but six years younger than the great Suffolk painter. His father was a well-to-do merchant, and desired to have his son follow the same business. It was the usual story; the son rebelled, the father yielded, and, when only fifteen years of age, the lad went to London to seek his fortune as a painter. There he met Girtin and Turner and De Wint; but Girtin was the one whose spirit he admired most. After some eight or nine years in London, with occasional visits to his native town, young Cotman returned to Norwich to settle down. Later on he went to Yarmouth, where he remained till 1823, when he returned to Norwich. It was during his twelve years' stay at Yarmouth that he became a great lover of the sea and acquired an accurate knowledge of the various sailing crafts that plied the waters there.

Cotman was a frequent contributor to the "Norwich Society of Artists," was chosen its secretary, and was the most distinguished pupil of its founder, John Crome. In 1834 the professorship of drawing in King's College School, London, became vacant; and when the great Turner, one of its governors, was asked who was a fit man to fill it, he replied, "Why, Cotman, of course." Cotman accepted the appointment, and went to London, where he died in 1842.

While Cotman's master is superbly represented in the National Gallery, it is a source of regret that Cotman has only two pictures there catalogued in his name. Of these the smaller one, "Wherries on the Yare," is about the size of the picture in this collection, and similar in composition, but not a moonlight.

"Crome and Cotman are the glories of the Norwich School. Unlike in temperament, in character, in the scope and aim of their art, they are alike in possessing genius. Norwich has bred a great number of successful painters, but these two stand high above the rest." *

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* "John Crome and John Sell Cotman," by Lawrence Bingon, in *The Portfolio*, April, 1897, p. 5.

THOMAS BARKER.

(1769—1847.)

"THOMAS BARKER (known as 'Barker of Bath'), born 1769, was an able artist whose style was based upon that of the old Dutch and Flemish masters. He painted chiefly landscape subjects, but occasionally portraits and historical pieces. His most popular picture was 'The Woodman'; and he also painted a remarkable fresco, 'The Massacre of the Sciotes,' in his house at Bath, where he died in 1847. His works are bold and firm in outline and correct in drawing." *

Barker was a contemporary of John Constable, but he never reached the latter's fame.

In breadth of handling, in his firm grasp of the essential truths of nature, and especially in his rendering of clouds, he sometimes approaches the achievements of Constable, and not infrequently his finest pictures have been attributed to that master. He is represented in the National Gallery and in the South Kensington Museum.

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* George H. Shepherd, "British School of Painting" (London, 1881), p. 24.

CATALOGUE.

INTRODUCTION.

THE collection of pictures described in this catalogue cover nearly a century and a half of the history of pictorial art in England and France. They form a group of surprising homogeneity, and indicate the interest, the judgment, and the taste of the gentleman who, for the last two decades, has been largely occupied with their selection.

At a time when public interest was chiefly concentrated on the works of the French painters of the Barbizon School, Mr. William H. Fuller was already strongly attracted by similar qualities in the productions of certain English painters of the last century. He recognized in their work the expression of those fundamental principles of art which at a later day characterized the paintings of the men of 1830. The exhibition of his pictures of the early English and the Barbizon School, at the Union League Club in February, 1892, was a conspicuous event. For the first time in this country, and probably for the first time anywhere, these two schools of painting were adequately and comprehensively illustrated and contrasted in a single gallery. The natural result was an awakening in this country of a new and active interest in English art—an interest which has increased year by year, as the merits of these painters became better known—until at the present time it is a matter of no inconsiderable difficulty to secure fairly representative examples (to say nothing about works of supreme importance) of this admirable English School.

Apart from the differences in technique—the handwriting, so to speak, of the individual painters—the pictures of both schools in this collection have strong parallel characteristics; and it is a liberal education in art to compare the notable qualities of the different examples, to trace the origin of the methods of expression, and to observe by what different roads the same goal has been reached. A collection of greater numerical strength would, of course, illustrate more fully the minor steps of progress and indicate more clearly, in some instances, the ripe power of the artists. In the English School, however, the art of Wilson, Gainsborough, Reynolds, and Constable are epitomized by notable examples, while the lesser names are illustrated each by a choice specimen of the painter's work. The pictures of the Barbizon School are too well known to invite discussion here. Michel, Dupré, Daubigny, and Diaz are worthily represented, while Troyon's "Cows in the Pasture" and Rousseau's "Charcoal-Burners' Hut" are famous in two continents.

By eliminating from his collection everything which was incongruous and disturbing, Mr. Fuller has made it possible to study these masterpieces with placid mind and unruffled spirit, conditions which alone make the highest enjoyment of art possible. In comparison with the refined qualities of these pictures, the jaded drama, the pseudo sentiment, and the hysterical novelty of much that is prominent in art at the present time are wearisome and offensive. A sweeping criticism of modern painting on these lines would be manifestly unjust and unwarranted by fact. But it must be apparent to all that the painters represented here had high ideals, and that they consecrated every gift and power they possessed to the attainment of their aspirations. Their success was the glory of their era, and their works are to this day a part of the art treasures of the world.

FRANK D. MILLET, N.A.

$ 450

Cottier

No. 1.

GEORGES MICHEL.

1763—1848.

The Hillside.

Height, 9½ inches. Width, 13 inches.

A HILLSIDE in deep shadow, showing the outlines of a cottage and a clump of trees against a luminous grey sky, under which stretches away a sunlit plain. The simple contrast of a mass of shadow against a mass of light has furnished the artist with a motive sufficiently interesting to call out great intensity of feeling, expressed by his directness of treatment and energetic touch. Deep and rich in color and almost unique in tone, it testifies to an enthusiastic love of nature and unwavering respect for truth.

$3.000
J. A. Bell

No. 2.

JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A.

1776—1837.

A Suffolk Water Mill.

Height, 18½ inches. Width, 12½ inches.

BETWEEN overhanging elms, their slender boughs meeting overhead like the arches of a Gothic cathedral, is seen a large mill with latticed windows, on the banks of a dashing mill stream into which the water from an overshot wheel plunges from an opening in the building. A warm, tender sky half veiled with summer clouds is reflected in the whirl of the waters and throws a soft radiance over the whole scene. It is painted with confident freedom, with precision of touch, and a fine appreciation of the charm of the simple landscape which is found in the artist's more important works. Its color is rich and full, mellow and refined, and its sentiment is one of affection, prompted by the natural beauty of the subject and the personal associations of the painter's early life.

The *Morning Post*, April 6, 1888, speaks of this picture:

"'A Water-mill, Suffolk,' . . . a small but admirable example of John Constable."

$: 1.300

Le Roy

No. 3.

GEORGES MICHEL.

1763—1848.

Road through the Woods.

Height, 21 inches. Width, 26½ inches.

MICHEL, in his studies of ephemeral and emotional effects, proved beyond dispute his sympathetic knowledge of certain great truths of nature, and recorded his observations with confidence and vigor and with a strong poetical feeling. In this picture, however, he has chosen to proceed with more deliberate pace and to study the quiet beauties of repose rather than the dramatic character of wild skies and flashing sunlight. A road winds through a glade in the forest where sturdy, well-rooted trees stand in dignified masses, rich in summer foliage, shimmering in the enveloping glow of midday, which radiates from the warm sky. The shadows are intense but nourished in tone and rich in color, and in the frankly touched foliage there is great charm of modelling and variety of texture and tint. It is straightforward, unconventional, and appreciative.

$1.400

R. E. Moore

No. 4.

JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A.

1776—1837.

In Dedham Vale.

Height, 12 inches. Width, 16 inches.

THIS quiet, unpretentious landscape is of small dimensions, but is large in line and dignified in arrangement. A rough lane, with several figures of country folk, leads across the broken foreground and winds away in the direction of a distant tree-screened village. Dedham Cathedral, with solid square tower, forms a prominent landmark in the pleasant region of fertile farms. From low hillocks of the common in the near foreground, feathery trees with graceful, slender stems stand boldly up against the cool grey sky, and these rounded forms are echoed and repeated in receding planes on either side. The sunlight effect is strong, but at the same time reserved; the shadows which break the broad mass of light are clear and luminous, and the general tone of the picture refined and delightful to the eye.

"The small landscape by Constable, 'In Dedham Vale,' with figures and a dog in the foreground and Dedham church in the distance, is a pure and untouched example of the painter."—GEORGE H. SHEPHERD, author of "British School of Painting."

This picture was noticed in the London *Daily News*, November 12, 1888, and in the Manchester *Courier* of the same date. The latter paper, in its issue of November 22, characterizes this picture as a work of "superlative beauty."

The London *Times* says of it: "A charming woodland scene of the purest possible colour."

The *Morning Post* pronounces "In Dedham Vale" a "fine example of Constable's delightful art."

$: 600

B. Mansfield. N. Haven

No. 5.

JOHN CROME (Old Crome).

1769—1821.

Yarmouth Beach.

Height, 15½ inches. Width, 19 inches.

A MELLOW, sunny, amber-toned landscape, exquisitely drawn and full of sentiment. The graceful sweeping line of a flat beach leads the eye to the middle distance on the right, where a fishing village with boats pulled high above the water shows a picturesque and interesting outline against the focus of light in the midsummer sky. The long low pier extends far into the bay, and numerous fishing boats drift on the tide. From the foreground where fisher folk with horses and piled-up baskets make a group of great interest and of value to the composition, even to the extreme distance where the sea meets the sky in delicate contrast, there are everywhere incidents of life and activity. The effect of light is broad, and the warm, full sunshine is admirably given. The shadows are rich and glowing with reflected light, and the drawing of every object is precise, firm, and accurate. The color of the sky is most subtle and delicate; the modelling of the cloud masses is true and intricate; the clear light of the foreground and the faint haze which envelopes the objects against the sky are

rendered with great fidelity and exquisite sensibility; and the picture, though small in canvas, is large in expression and full of beauty.

"Unfortunately we have not any of his Norfolk coast scenes, either in the National Gallery or at South Kensington ; and these, to my mind, are some of the happiest productions of his art, especially as regards the sky, an element that always plays an important part in Crome's pictures, throwing, in many of these coast views, a weird sort of poetry over the common-place of the scene."—Cunningham's "British Painters," vol. iii., p. 177.

$1575

C. H. Eicks

No. 6.

GEORGES MICHEL.

1763—1848.

The Plain of Montmartre.

Height, 20½ inches. Width, 29 inches.

THIS is an amplification of the motive of the large picture, the "Windmill of Montmartre," painted at the same place, but more comprehensive in extent and somewhat more reserved in effect. Two windmills are perched on a rocky summit on the left of the picture, overlooking a wide plain where the city of Paris lies half hidden by surrounding groves of trees. A narrow band of sunlight advances across the plain, touching with glittering warmth the river Seine, which here and there is seen as it curves away towards the horizon. A swirl of dark, trailing storm clouds sweeps across the heavens, suggesting the quick approach of the flashing sunlight. Above and below, a brighter stratum of vaporous soft clouds veils the sky and by a delicate gradation meets the horizon, where line after line of low hills recede and are finally lost in the distance. There is an impressive feeling of space, of atmosphere, of evanescent effect in the landscape, which is the result of faithful study of nature on the spot.

$: 700

Randolph agent –

No. 7.

RICHARD WILSON, R.A.

1714—1782.

View Near Oxford.

Height, 28 inches. Width, 34½ inches.

A CLASSICAL idealization of an English landscape not only in arrangement but in effect. Against a rich and warm sunset sky rise sombre masses of gnarled and twisted trees overhanging a lane. Between the trees a long vista stretches to the sunset, and on the right are seen the Gothic towers of the university town, half hidden by the low hills beyond a river which breaks the middle distance. Sunlight tips with warm color the clouds, illumines the distance, and gleams on the trees and hillsides. The picture is treated with great precision of touch, and while it is in a way a literal rendering of a view, it has the special charms which belong to the poetical interpretation of natural effects and lines.

"LONDON, *Dec.* 12, 1891.

"To MR. SHEPHERD.

"*Dear Sir:* The picture by Wilson shown to me to-day represents in my opinion an English View—and in all probability the Suburbs of Oxford. The figures are not in any way classical, but are Italian. Wilson very often placed these figures in his English Landscapes.

"I remain,
"Yours truly,
"ALGERNON GRAVES."

$: 900
Samuel Untermyer

No. 8.

JOHN SELL COTMAN.

1782—1842.

Moonlight on the Yare.

Height, 35 inches. Width, 24 inches.

A RIVER scene, recalling in character of arrangement, in the ripe mellow quality of the color, and in the truth of effect the work of the early Dutch painters of similar subjects. An expanse of limpid water is dotted with bluff-bowed craft, half drifting, half sailing in the mellow light of a summer moon which struggles through the clouds near the low horizon, making across the water a track of silver sheen. The surface of the water, reflecting the disk of the moon, sails and hulls of the boats, trees, houses, and craft in the distance, is broken by ripples of the tide, tremulously moving towards a shallow shore. Here and there the sharp light on the edge of a sail shines clear and crisp, while over the whole scene the all-enveloping glow of moonlight throws a veil of mystery and exquisite charm. The spirit of the hour is suggested with refinement and truth, and the picture has an exalted quality of poetical feeling which is soothing, restful, and suggestive. The lofty sky is soft, nebulous, and airy, the perspective of the water and the distant shores is most admirable, and the incidents in the composition are not only charming in conception, but fascinating in the method of execution.

#: 900
C. J. Blair

No. 9.

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A.

1727—1788.

Portrait of an Officer.

Height, 25 inches. Width, 30 inches.

A YOUNG officer in a uniform of scarlet, white, and blue, trimmed with silver lace, lounges on a bank near a pollarded tree. From under a large cocked hat foppish curls frame in his half humorous face. An ample white satin waistcoat, rich lace at his sleeves, a slender dress sword held in his left hand, and brilliant buckles sparkling on his shoes, give further indications of the character and rank of the wearer, and complete a costume which has been painted with great care and skill. Behind the figure, and in pleasant contrast to the striking colors and glitter of the uniform, is seen a bit of quiet, pastoral landscape, with a distant, tree-sheltered cottage, a winding path with country woman and donkey, and a sky full of light and fleecy clouds. The whole picture is treated with light but accurate touch, and is notable for choice qualities of tone and color.

$: 3.850
Knoedler

No. 10.

JULES DUPRÉ.

1812—1889.

Le Cours d'Eau.

Height, 15 inches. Width, 21½ inches.

In the foreground and middle distance a broken sheet of water reflects a brilliant sunburst through the clouds late in an afternoon of midsummer. The effect is intensified by a tall tree which lifts its dark branches against the focused light of the sky. Cattle feed in the pastures on the left, and irregular groups of trees lead the eye to low hills in the horizon. The sky is intricate in modelling and exquisitely delicate in color, and the vigorous contrasts of light and shade are rendered with the solidity characteristic of the artist's work.

The following letter was addressed to M. Charles Sedelmeyer, Paris, from whom this picture was purchased by the present owner:

"Paris, *March* 14, '89.

"Sir: My father would like to exhibit at the Paris Exposition a painting of his, 'Le Cours d'Eau,' purchased by you at the Dobbé sale. He begs me to make that request of you. I can only hope for a favorable reply. I would appreciate an answer at your earliest convenience, so as to enter the painting in the catalogue. . . .

"Very faithfully yours,
"Jules Dupré, fils."

$: 1.300

Harrison

No. 11.

JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A.

1776—1837.

Summer Morning.—Dedham Vale.

Height, 14 inches. Width, 22 inches.

In this picture the obstacles to an agreeable treatment of an extensive view from a height seem to have been entirely overcome; they have been treated in such a natural and simple way that it is scarcely possible to believe that the artist ever considered them as difficulties at all. From a rough hillside, where a neglected plow testifies to the futility of wide cultivation, is seen across a pleasant vale a second slope, with a cottage nestling among large trees. Beyond, a broad stretch of fertile meadow land, with meandering stream and distant village, tempts the vision towards the far line of the high horizon where the gleam of water in full light contrasts with the dull grey of the cloudy sky. The foreground is full of rich warm browns, relieved and accented by the vigorous spots of color in the milkmaid and cattle on the hillside; the middle distance is mellow and sunny, and the sky, cool by contrast, is full in modelling with a brilliant effect of slanting sunlight through a narrow rift in the clouds.

"In the coach yesterday, coming from Suffolk, were two gentlemen and myself, all strangers to each other. In passing the vale of Dedham, one of them remarked, on my saying it was beautiful, 'Yes, sir, this is Constable's country.' I then told him who I was, lest he should spoil it."—Letter of John Constable to Lucas, October 1, 1832. (Leslie's "Life of Constable," p. 85.)

$: 775
J. F. Clark

No. 12.

GEORGES MICHEL.

1763—1848.

The Horseman.

Height, 23 inches. Width, 29 inches.

THE solidity and flatness of the earth, the airy loftiness and lightness of the sky, and, withal, the mystery of nature even under the searching light of full day, have been studied with intelligence and attention, and are suggested with great skill in this picture. Across a wide plain, partly covered with masses of trees, a winding path, broadening into a sandy waste in the foreground, leads off toward distant farms. The horizon is low, and the extensive area of the luminous sky is broken by large storm clouds moving in majestic procession across the expanse of the heavens. A horseman in a red cloak, peasants with a dog, and other wayfarers along the road give incidents of human interest to the scene.

$: 700
Randolph (agent)

No. 13.

THOMAS BARKER (of Bath).

1769—1847.

The Road to the Mill.

Height, 30 inches. Width, 25 inches.

OVERHANGING a country lane which leads across a common to distant cottages and windmill, twin trees of majestic size rise in noble mass against a turbulent, storm-threatening sky and cast a deep shadow on the broken ground. Patches of sunlight here and there, suggesting rapidly moving clouds, accent the foreground, enliven the middle distance, and carry the vision beyond the distant blue hills to the horizon. The sturdy trees with masses of dense and rounded foliage contrast in strong opposition of tone and color with the piled-up masses of cumulus clouds which fill the sky. The picture is remarkable for the luminosity of its sky, richness of color, robust strength, and the directness with which it has been painted.

"Here is a sylvan landscape, 'The Road to the Mill,' a picture of rare beauty, as free as true in handling, and thoroughly English in the expression of the scenery. This picture has qualities so suggestive of both Constable and Barker of Bath, that it is difficult to determine to which master it should be assigned. . . . By whomsoever painted it is a capital landscape."—The *Morning Post,* April 2, 1889.

"Almost as good in color as a Gainsborough."—London *Times,* November 9, 1887.

#: 5.000

Samuel Untermeyer

No. 14.

CHARLES-FRANÇOIS DAUBIGNY.

1817—1878.

Evening on the Marne.

Height, 15½ inches. Width, 26½ inches.

NO modern artist has observed with finer perception and recorded with more precision the fleeting effects of nature, the ephemeral charm of the hour of day than Daubigny in this graceful composition. On the broad surface of a placid river is reflected the iridescent beauties of a summer sky near the moment of sunset, while the air is still warm and balmy. On the left, the river bank, with a fringe of willows, a group of slender feathery trees and lush, sunlit verdure, is thrown into cool shadow, suggesting the rapid approach of early twilight; across the stream are rich meadows with clumps of rank-growing trees, and in the near foreground a flock of ducks make their way towards the grateful refuge of the shore. The mirror-like water is as tender and sweet in color as the polished surface of a shell, and the fleecy sunlit clouds near the horizon are as delicate as the petals of a rose. Subtle contrasts of the pale blue sky against the grey of the clouds accent and enliven the interest in the masses of vapor, but do not disturb the exquisite harmony of color. The rich, deep shadows of the trees on the left, and the warm glint of sunlight, which falls on the meadows and trees beyond, give force and solidity to the landscape.

$: 2.700
Leroy

No. 15.

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A.

1727—1788.

The Edge of the Common.

Height, 25 inches. Width, 30 inches.

THIS picture has given the artist an opportunity to employ not only the warmest tones of his palette, but has demanded, as well, all his skill and knowledge in the happy treatment of a composition complex in line and vivid in effect. The subject was found at the spot where a path winds over the rough banks of the common and leads to the cultivated land beyond through an opening in a dense growth of trees. The light from a brilliant but cloudy sky filters through the branches of the trees on the right, touching with crisp accents the farmer with his pack horses, the rustic fence, and a gnarled tree-trunk on the left. It falls full and clear on a hillock in the very middle of the composition, which glows with warm, tremulous color. This intense light reflects into near shadows, throws into high relief the figures of men and the fallen tree-trunks in the foreground, and harmonizes all objects with its sunny glow. The broad and playful touch, the grace of the lines, the style, which is recognizable in every part of the picture, give a delightful charm to the whole—a charm which is sustained and enhanced by wonderful richness of color and depth of tone.

"A fine example of the rather rare landscape-art of Thomas Gainsborough."—The *Morning Post*, November 10, 1890.

$: 4.100
C. H. Eicks

No. 16.

NARCISO DIAZ.

1808—1876.

Pool at Fontainebleau.

Height, 16½ inches. Width, 21½ inches.

A FLAT, open country, broken by sedges and rocks, and a shallow pool in the foreground, in which are reflected the floating clouds of the sky. In the middle distance, on the right, there stands a little group of trees, some of whose branches are touched with faint yellow color, indicating the near approach of autumn. On the left, another group, darker in color, suggest by their leaning trunks the prevailing sweep of the winds across the open space. The rank grass and sedge are yellow and sear, and the summer is almost gone. Along the horizon a low range of wooded hills terminates the landscape and presents an agreeable outline against the sky. Overhead dark, ominous clouds are hanging, while below them a burst of sunlight breaks through their gloom, glorifying the lower clouds and filling the landscape with a flood of light. The color of the foreground, although subdued, is full of harmonies. The color of the sky and the modelling of the clouds are equally fine, and the whole picture inviting from every point of view.

#: 3.000
S. A. French

No. 17.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.

1723—1792.

Portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Barrington.

Height, 31½ inches. Width, 27½ inches.

THE head and bust of a lady with her face turned slightly to the right, and her eyes, dreamy and introspective in expression, following the direction of the head. From the sloping shoulders a *negligé* pink silk jacket, trimmed with ermine, falls away in simple lines, disclosing a fair, round neck and a low-cut white satin bodice trimmed with lace and pearls. A pink ribbon, fastened to the dark, closely braided hair by a string of pearls, straggles almost coquettishly over the right shoulder. An oval, painted mat cuts the figure at the waist and above the elbow. The naïve and lifelike expression is fascinating, and the personality of the sitter is rendered with unmistakable fidelity. The color is full and warm, with its original freshness mellowed and enriched by time—qualities which fortunately belong to other examples of the artist's first manner.

The *Morning Post*, November 10, 1890, says of this picture:

"Sir Joshua Reynolds' likeness of 'The Hon. Mrs. Barrington,' is the counterfeit presentment, still in perfect preservation, of a lady whose brilliant beauty now only survives in this matchless memorial."

$: 5.600

J J Emery

No. 18.

JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A.

1776—1837.

Windermere Lake.

Height, 24 inches. Width, 34 inches.

A MOST difficult problem of light, solved with fidelity and skill, and treated in a bold and effective manner. The view across the lake, well-known in tradition and in poetry, has been modified somewhat to meet the requirements of agreeable composition. The morning sun is shining full in the eye of the spectator, from a sky veiled with fleecy opalescent clouds. In the middle distance the lake shimmers at the foot of a barrier of rigid mountain forms and stretches away far into the distance on the left, where the hills blend together and become lost in the glow of the summer sunlight. The foreground, which is mostly in shadow, is accented by tall and graceful trees which rise on either side, making a valuable foil to the intense light which everywhere pervades the picture. The influence of Turner is so strongly seen, not only in the effect of light, but in the scheme of color, that it is scarcely necessary to call attention to this element of the artistic inspiration of this remarkable picture. But while the painter has been keyed up to the successful solution of a problem of light which

might have had its inspiration from another source, Constable's own individuality is unmistakably stamped on every inch of the canvas.

"In 1808 he [*Constable*] exhibited at the Royal Academy two pictures, 'A Scene in Westmoreland,' and 'Windermere Lake.'"—Leslie's "Life of Constable," p. 9.

The *Morning Post*, of April, 2, 1889, says of this picture: "Among a group of Constables distinguished for characteristic beauty of colour, grace of composition, and masterly treatment of atmosphere and aërial perspective, may be mentioned 'Sunrise, Windermere,' a work which was probably painted during the artist's two months' visit to the Lake District, and which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1807."

The date is an error. It was in 1808.

$: 6.700

C. H. Eicks

No. 19.

JULES DUPRÉ.

1812—1889.

Cattle Drinking.

Height, 26 inches. Width, 21½ inches.

In a broad, flat meadow under a sky flashing sunlight through a cloud-rift, two cows have come to a pool where pollard willows grow in the marshy soil, and rank grass thrives in abundance. The frank, solid, masculine treatment and the skilful arrangement of light have ennobled a simple motive and given to it exceptional qualities of breadth, dignity, and vigor. The sky, showing only a small patch of blue in the upper part, is perfect in modelling and refined in color; the greens of the verdure are luscious and warm, and the sunlight which touches the white cow, the grass, and the tree-trunks is intense and vivid in strength, and yet is in mellowed unison with the rest of the picture. The cows are merely an incident in the landscape and are only suggested in form, and the eye sweeps past them over the extended field until it finally rests upon the sunlit sky, filled with moving clouds, whose beauty is intensified by the open space of blue with its illimitable depths beyond.

$: 5.050
W. C. Loring

No. 20.

JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A.

1776—1837.

Weymouth Bay.

Height, 22 inches. Width, 30 inches.

In this literal portrait of a seaside landscape Constable has shown his mastery of his materials in a surprisingly truthful and intensely interesting study of a motive simple in effect but complicated in line. A succession of rolling hillsides, broken by fields and pasture lands, full of incidents of rural life, stretches away on the right, round the irregular sweep of the bay, to the distance, where a low spit of land, terminated by a promontory, projects far into the sea, which is dotted here and there by sails. The sky is filled with cumulus clouds—a harmony of delicate grey tones; and on the left a darker mass of vapor casts a half shadow, half reflection, on the surface of the water. There is about an equal area of sky and earth in the composition, a great sense of airy loftiness in the one part, and of solidity, relief, and perspective of line and tone in the other. The anatomy of the earth and the drawing and intricate modelling of the receding forms are most admirable. The color is reserved and choice but not without strength

and richness, and the general tone of the picture refined and quiet.

"HAMPSTEAD, *October 23rd*, 1821.

"MY DEAR FISHER. . . . That landscape painter who does not make his skies a very material part of his composition, neglects to avail himself of one of his greatest aids. . . . The sky is the source of light in nature, and governs everything; even our common observations on the weather of every day are altogether suggested by it. The difficulty of skies in painting is very great, both as to composition and execution; because, with all their brilliancy, they ought not to come forward, or, indeed, be hardly thought of any more than extreme distances are; but this does not apply to phenomena or accidental effects of sky, because they always attract particularly. I may say all this to you, though *you* do not want to be told that I know very well what I am about, and that my skies have not been neglected, though they have often failed in execution, no doubt, from an over anxiety about them, which will alone destroy that easy appearance which nature always has in all her movements."—Letter of John Constable addressed to his intimate friend and patron, Archdeacon Fisher. (See Leslie's "Life of Constable," p. 29.)

"39, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W., *July* 12, 1888.

"DEAR SIR: 'The Weymouth Bay' by John Constable is a well-known example of that distinguished artist, and was formerly in the possession of his sister.

"Yours very faithfully,

"WM. AGNEW.

"W. H. FULLER, Esq."

$4.050

Cottier Co

No. 21.

CHARLES-FRANÇOIS DAUBIGNY.

1817—1878.

The Cliff at Villerville.

Height, 20 inches. Width, 32 inches.

THE simplicity of this composition is not the least of its charms. The skilfully chosen proportion of sky to earth, the well-balanced accents, the subdued but harmonious color, its luminosity, and its perfect unity, all testify to highly developed taste in arrangement, and to a rare faculty of rendering the charms of nature in her quiet moods. A broken, gently sloping hillside, with cattle feeding; low shrubs and stunted trees; the roofs of cottages suggesting the village half-hidden behind the escarpment; a stretch of placid water further away; the lines of low hills across the mouth of the Seine; and over all a great, simple, grey sky full of beautifully modelled cloud forms—all these are the elements of a picture that is a marvel of delicate and refined color. A single note of intense blue in the vaporous curtain gives a valuable accent in exactly the right place, and its echo is found in one or two tiny scuds, in the sails of fishing boats, in the light on the feeding cattle and in the blossoming gorse on the hillside. The distance itself, scarcely more than a monotonous line of flat hills, becomes, under Daubigny's sympathetic touch, a passage of fascinating variety and charm. The whole painting is notable for its light and facile treatment, for remarkable refinement of color, and for distinction of tone.

#. 1.550

George R White

No. 22.

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A.

1727—1788.

The Market Cart.

Height, 20 inches. Width, 24½ inches.

A TYPICAL summer day—brisk, flashing with sunlight, uncertain in temper. From the foreground a country road winds between rough hillocks on the left, leading towards a distant village. On the right a group of trees shade a tile-roofed building, against which an old pear tree is strongly relieved by the flicker of sunlight on leaf and trunk, and by subtle distinctions of tone in the shadow. A great white, dome-shaped cloud, brilliant in light, comes in sharp contrast with dark-green tree-tops in the middle of the picture, while the rest of the sky is partly covered with dark, hovering clouds. The whole strength of the palette and the full scale of colors have been employed in treating this staccato effect of light; the greens are full of variety and richness both in sunlight and in shade; the broken earth is as deep and strong in color as an oriental carpet, and the texture is rendered with the firm but caressing touch so characteristic of the painter. The market cart gives a name to the picture and at the same time furnishes a pleasant note in the composition; but the great moving purpose of the painter

was to present a striking opposition between the dark, rich greens of the dominant features of the landscape and a great white cloud, whose brilliancy they heighten as it floats away in a pale-blue, fathomless sky.

"The landscape by Thomas Gainsborough, entitled 'The Market Cart,' has been for some time a part of my private Collection. It is an early picture, showing the influence of the Dutch painters, and especially Wynants. It is nevertheless a thoroughly genuine, untouched, and brilliant example of this English master."—Martin H. Colnaghi, Marlborough Gallery, London.

This picture is perhaps the one mentioned in Fulcher's "Life of Gainsborough," page 229. The size given in Fulcher's "List of Gainsborough's Works" is 19 x 24 inches, which is probably the sight-size, while the size given above is canvas measurement.

#: 1.950
Blakeslee

No. 23.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.

1723—1792.

The Duchess of Ancaster.

Height, 25 inches. Width, 21 inches.

THE accessories in this portrait are so carefully subordinated that they may almost escape notice in the intricate harmony of rich, warm greens, blues, and greys which envelope the head and bust and throw this part into high relief in light and color. The head is inclined towards the left shoulder; the face is seen in full three-quarter view, and the eyes, keen and vital in expression, look straight out of the picture. The dress, the hair with its leaf ornament, and the gloved hands are sketchy in treatment, but the flesh is modelled with great solidity and is a marvel of freshness, of richness, and refinement of color and of soft texture. It is interesting to note the artist's preoccupation with the method of treatment and to find that his sense of character was no less strong than his love of technique, for the individuality of the sitter remains always a prominent quality of the portrait. Like some other works in his first manner, it retains its original charm of color.

"LONDON, *September 24th*, 1891.

"I believe the picture to be a portrait of the Duchess of Ancaster and very likely done at the time when Sir Joshua painted the full-length portrait of the same lady so well-known by the mezzotint engraving therefrom. It is in a beautiful state of preservation. A more interesting example of the master than the picture you have purchased you could not possibly possess.

"WM. AGNEW.

"W. H. FULLER, Esq."

On the back of the frame of this picture is an old paper which reads as follows:

"An original portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, given by him to my grandmother, his niece, and by her left to my Aunt Harriet, presented to me by Major Jones who married Miss Harriet Gwatkin my niece.

[Signed]

"C. R. GWATKIN.

"31 *Dec.*, 1856."

$: 7.600
Isidor Wormser Jr

No. 24.

THEODORE ROUSSEAU.

1812—1867.

Marais dans les Landes.

Height, 16½ inches. Width, 22½ inches.

Collection M. Laurent-Richard.

A ROUGH and ragged tract of waste land with rocks, sparse vegetation, pools of water and muddy banks, and, beyond, a thin band of the sea vanishing into the distant low horizon which is broken in line by an occasional stunted tree and tiny white sails near the shore; overhead, a broad and lofty sky covered with grey floating clouds in a whirl and confusion of vaporous masses around a burst of intense sunlight—this is the unique but effective subject which has stimulated the artist's high endeavor to make a truthful record of a brilliant momentary effect. The contrast between the soft, broken, nebulous masses in the sky and the crisp and sharply accented forms in the foreground and middle-distance is given with great accuracy, and the glint of the sunlight over the whole landscape is suggested with nervous precision; while the sense of the hour, the impression of the approach of a summer storm is vividly rendered.

The picture is unusual in composition; it flashes and scintilates with light like rays from the facets of a diamond; it reveals Rousseau, not only as a painter of forms and substance, but of brilliant and illusive phenomena of nature.

$5.000

John G Moore

No. 25.

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A.

1727—1788.

Portrait of the Countess of Buckinghamshire.

Height, 30 inches. Width, 25 inches.

A HIGHBRED, spirituelle lady resting her head on her left hand and turning her eyes towards the spectator. She wears a low-cut, white satin bodice under a dress of wine-red silk with short, lace-trimmed sleeves and a blue sash. The note of blue at the waist is repeated in the chair-back and the table cover. The vivacious dignity of the lady is accented by a mass of powdered hair, piled up after the fashion of the time, which makes the face appear still more delicate and refined. The flesh tones are of the precious quality which befit the subject and bespeak the artist, and the type of the sitter is given with accuracy, style, and individuality. A deep-grey background brings the whole area of the canvas into agreeable harmony, in which a note of blue is predominant and attractive.

This picture was purchased by the present owner in 1891 from Mr. George H. Shepherd, London.

Mr. Algernon Graves' identification of the subject of the portrait is as follows :

"LONDON, *Dec.* 12, '91.

"TO MR. SHEPHERD.

"*Dear Sir:* I consider the portrait of a lady shown to me to-day to be a portrait of Mary Anne, Countess of Buckinghamshire. There is also a full-length portrait of this lady belonging to the Marquess of Lothian, also painted by Gainsborough. I remain

Yours truly,

"ALGERNON GRAVES."

$: 1.700
Randolph (agent)

No. 26.

GEORGES MICHEL.

1763—1848.

Windmill of Montmartre.

Height, 29 inches. Width, 40 inches.

THIS bold and vigorous composition is distinguished by contrasts of exceeding force no less than by rare qualities of poetical suggestiveness. A sunburst of almost phenomenal strength lights up the sky behind the dark mass of a windmill and surrounding buildings which rest on a rocky, tree-crowned summit in the gloom of a deep shadow. A band of warm sunlight in the middle-distance sweeps across a wide, undulating plain, disclosing many incidents of human interest; while next to it, in cool opposition, a broad shadow extends into the space beyond, partly concealing the towers and roofs of the straggling city, and gradually softening in color until it mingles with the grey of the distant horizon. The depth of the shadow in the foreground is relieved and accented by a sombre archway in the old building, into which no reflected light penetrates, while the intensity of the light effect is heightened by a lowering black cloud which hovers over the windmill. It is a simple phase of nature interpreted with directness, individuality, and prodigious power.

$: 2.000

Mardus

No. 27.

RICHARD WILSON, R.A.

1714—1782.

Temple of Venus at Baiae.

Height, 26 inches. Width, 38 inches.

A CLASSICAL landscape of great beauty and style, distinguished alike for taste and skill in arrangement and for refined and poetical sentiment. The chief object in the composition is an ancient ruin, towering in stately majesty above an arched sub-structure on the edge of a placid sheet of water, which winds among pleasant banks covered with verdure to the foot of a distant mountain. To the right, and relieved against a mass of dense, rich foliage, two slender trees stand sentinel over a fallen companion; to the left, a villa with tower and cypresses is seen above a bank covered with soft foliage, and in the foreground graceful female figures await the return of a boat which floats on the mirror-like surface of the water. The hour is late afternoon, and from a sky southern in its warmth and richness of tone the sun throws a glowing light upon fleecy, vaporous clouds that reflect its heat and color. With the caressing and harmonizing glow of sunlight seems to come a sense of peace and grateful quiet, and this sentiment is quickened and encouraged by the grace and beauty of the

composition no less than by the richness and choice qualities of color and by the consistent method of treatment.

Allan Cunningham mentions this picture, "Temple of Venus at Baiae," as one among others which "show the historical and poetical influence under which he [*Wilson*] wrought."—Cunningham's "British Painters," vol. i., p. 166.

"LONDON, *Sept.* 24, 1891.

"SIR: The picture by Richard Wilson which you have purchased from my firm is one of the most perfect and characteristic examples that exist. It is in perfect condition. I congratulate you sincerely on having one of the finest works of our great Early-English landscape painters that can be found in any collection in the world.

"Believe me to remain, dear sir,
"Your faithful servant,
"WILLIAM AGNEW.

"W. H. FULLER, Esq."

#: 7.600
L. Wormser Jr.

No. 28.

JULES DUPRÉ.

1812—1889.

The Open Sea.

Height, 24 inches. Width, 35½ inches.

THROUGH a confused and choppy sea, heading into a baffling wind, a fishing yawl is sailing along, tossing and plunging into the waves. Vivid sunlight is concentrated on the water near the craft, and this accent is echoed in the sky on the right of the canvas, where the darkened clouds catch on their edges a flash of light from the sun. Towards the low horizon the clouds hang lowering; the sea grows deep and ominous in color, and in the distance fishing boats are seen fighting against the wind. A broad rift in the clouds shows a pale blue sky behind, and gives an agreeable accent in the general harmony of silvery greys and sober blended tones. The picture is full of light, and is painted with great solidity, with a full brush and by a sure and sweeping hand.

$: 6.000
Randolph (agent)

No. 29.

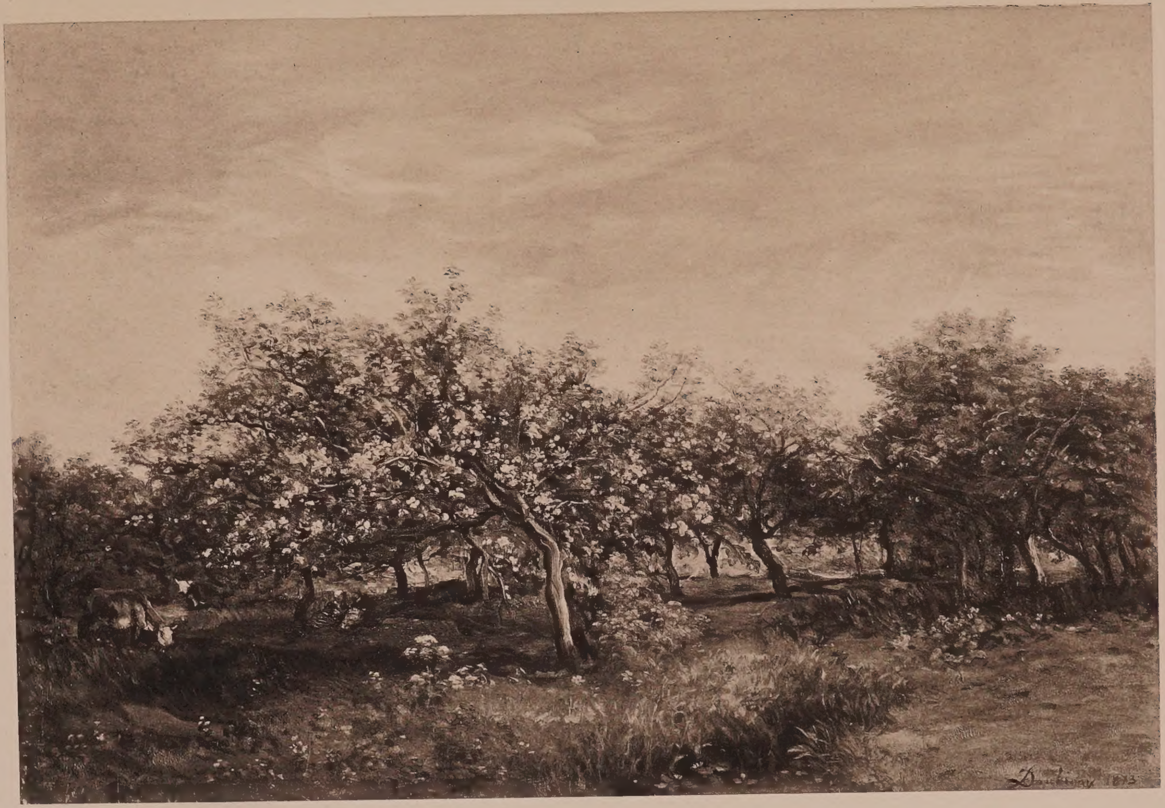
CHARLES-FRANÇOIS DAUBIGNY.

1817—1878.

Apple Blossoms.

Height, 23 inches. Width, 33 inches.

THE climax of luxuriant spring, when all vegetation is rank in growth, when every leaf is full and juicy, and the uncertain skies promise frequent showers, gave the artist his opportunity to record a phase of nature characteristic of the season, but seldom chosen to illustrate its suggestive charm. The picture shows the interior of an orchard with apple trees in late blossom, wild flowers and sedges fringing a shallow pool in the foreground, and beneath the trees a deep carpet of succulent grass where cattle graze and their attendant peasant women knit and gossip in the cool shade of the overhanging boughs. Beyond and between the tree-trunks there is a hint of farms and hillsides and villages in the distance; the broken sky transmits a grey light which still has some of the chill of early spring in its quality, although by its strength it suggests a belated day in May. The artist has given us the vigor and exuberant strength of spring rather than its joyous and cheery aspect.



Daubigny 1873

$: 5.200
G. W. Elkins

No. 30.

JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A.

1776—1837.

The Lock.

Height, 35 inches. Width, 29½ inches.

A SYMPATHETIC rendering of a motive familiar to every lover of English scenery, conceived with poetical feeling and treated with free and vigorous, yet precise and skilful, touch. In the immediate foreground a canal lock with rude gates, in the shadow of tall, overhanging elms, gives a strong note of contrast against the sunlit middle distance with the winding stream and the tiny village, where a square church tower rises above the rounded tree tops and an old stone bridge spans the water. There is a group of men and horses at the lock, while a barge with colored sail and fluttering pennant, and cattle in the meadows beyond, add the interest of rural life to the landscape. Beyond the lock, and to the left, the eye wanders with pleasure along the placid stream to the far, low hillsides covered with scattered trees and hedges shimmering in the warm atmosphere; and a distant, warm, and delicate cloud-covered sky floods the peaceful scene with soft, embracing light. With no effort at dramatic effect, but with a controlling love of quiet, rural scenes and an eye keenly sensitive to the

refinements of color and the subtle distinctions of tone, Constable carries the spectator with him by the contagion of his earnestness and fervor.

This picture was part of the collection of Old Masters of the English School exhibited at "The Grosvenor Gallery" during the winter of 1887–8, illustrative of "A Century of British Art, from 1737 to 1837."

J. Lee
Harrison

No. 31.

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A.

1727—1788.

Going to Market.

Height, 36 inches. Width, 60½ inches.

A LANDSCAPE with a wide vista across a rolling fertile vale, with gleams of a distant river, and a multitude of trees, and habitations in the distance. In the foreground a country road leads out of the picture to the right, near rugged oaks growing in rough and broken ground; on the left, in deep but luminous shadow, a bank of earth with straggling fence and tall slender trees balances the composition. Along the road a white horse drawing a market cart, with the farmer's wife perched among the baskets, is led by the farmer himself; beside the cart scampers an active dog, and beyond a yokel drives cattle home from the fair. The sunlight from the left, which floods the sky and falls full upon the distance, strikes crisply upon the rustic group and throws it into solid relief. The woodland hillside on the right, with the sturdy trees and the slender young growth, and the dense masses of foliage beyond are masterly in the depth of tone and in charm of light.

The *Morning Post* says of this picture: "The distinctive character of English scenery in its most sylvan and serene aspect is preserved

with signal fidelity in a spacious Landscape by Thomas Gainsborough. On the right is a thicket of oak glistening with dew; in the distance are a lake and a ruined castle, and a cart drawn by a white horse and heavily laden with farm produce is passing slowly down a steep hill. The driver, his wife, and their little nag, are 'Going to Market.' The phrase serves for title of a picture which, excellent in all particulars of colour and composition, is also remarkable for a certain purity and pearliness of tone truthfully impressive of the unclouded freshness of early morning in summer."

The *Umpire* says: "Messrs. Shepherd of King Street have about the most interesting show of all, including Gainsborough's 'Going to Market,' for sale for the first time for more than half a century, and in a splendid state of preservation."

$5.800
John G. Moore

No. 32.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.

1723—1792.

Portrait of Mrs. Knapp.

Height, 30 inches. Width, 25 inches.

A THREE-QUARTER length figure of a beautiful, alert, intelligent young wife seated at a table with her head slightly leaning on her right hand. She is dressed in a loosely fitting, low-cut silk dress of rich madder red, confined at the waist by a blue sash, with full and flowing lace sleeves, and an ample over-dress trimmed with ermine. Her hair is drawn back from her high forehead and twisted around the head in a tight braid, with pearl ornaments at the top, and is tied with a wine-colored ribbon. Silk bands of similar color and texture, and likewise decorated with pearls, encircle the throat and wrist, and soft lace breaks the line between the silk of the bodice and the bosom. The drapery is composed with great taste, and the flowing lines add much to the grace of the attitude. The choice color and beautiful modelling of the flesh in the full light; the luminous quality of the shadows on hand and neck; the fine proportions of the face, with the delicate, pointed chin; the sensitive, mobile mouth; the straight-cut nose; and the

innocent, vivacious eyes, are no less remarkable than the painter's interpretation of the personality of his subject.

The following letter from John Callcott Horsley, Esq., a Royal Academician, and Treasurer and Trustee of the Royal Academy, was addressed to Martin H. Colnaghi, Esq., from whom the "'Portrait of Mrs. Knapp" was bought by the present owner:

"HIGH ROW, KENSINGTON, W., *August* 15, 1890.

"DEAR MR. COLNAGHI:

"Apropos of that charming 'Sir Joshua' which belongs to Mr. Fuller, and which I understand you are now about to forward to him, it occurs to me to ask you to remind him of our conversation respecting the picture when we met under your hospitable auspices. Speaking, as I feel, most strongly as to the extreme beauty of the picture, I said how glad we should be to exhibit it at one of our Winter Gatherings of choice works by 'Past Masters' at the Royal Academy. It seems almost preposterous to suggest that Mr. Fuller should send the picture specially from America for this purpose, and all I can venture to do is to remind him that he did not oppose my suggestion at the time I made it. Perhaps some day he would let the fair lady accompany him on a trip to the 'Old Country' (he might do worse!), and time his visit so as to have her with us at Burlington House during his stay, and see for himself how she would help to adorn our Galleries.

"Yours sincerely,

"J. CALLCOTT HORSLEY."

$: 3.700
James W. Ellsworth
Of Chicago

No. 33.

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A.

1727—1788.

Halcyon Days in England.

Height, 36 inches. Width, 62 inches.

On the left is a rugged hillside covered with shrubs and thick groves, relieved by the tall trunk of a half-dead tree. At the base of this hillock a cart track curves round below a succession of gentle slopes, and on the right a placid stream winds through the meadows past a village and pleasant farms until lost in the maze of the distance. The foreground is enlivened by figures and a variety of domestic animals, painted with frank and nervous touch. Over the great expanse of country a broad and luminous sky rises high, with dark, rounded masses of vapor advancing across the area of delicate and distant blue, accented chiefly by a brilliant white cloud in contrast with the rich but sombre foliage of the hilltop. The hillsides with winding path, the shimmering ribbon of the stream, the suggestive and mysterious distance, and, indeed, the great dome of the sky, are impressive to a high degree, giving a wonderful sense of open air and space.

$: 5.500
S. P. Avery Jr.

No. 34.

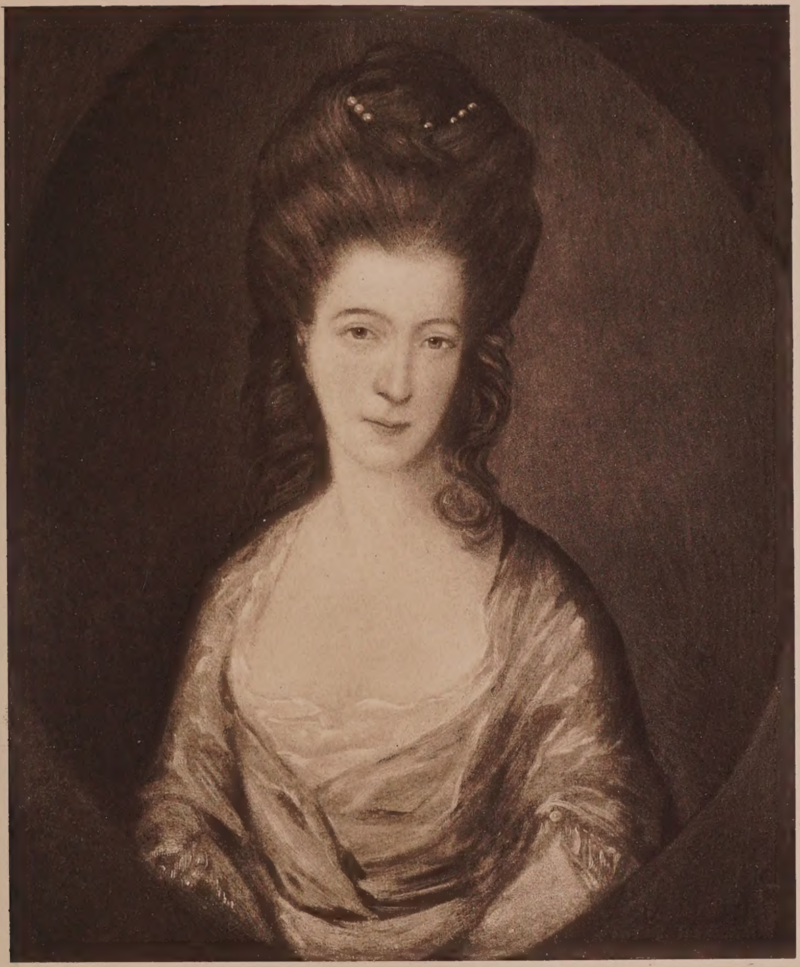
THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A.

1727—1788.

Portrait of Lady Inness of Norfolk.

Height, 30 inches. Width, 25 inches.

APART from any considerations of execution, the individuality of this portrait is interesting, engaging, and convincing. It is a type of a hyper-sensitive, refined woman, retiring in demeanor, with a certain pride of breeding and of race. The head and bust compose agreeably in an oval painted mat; and the general tone, which is quite as individual as the type of the sitter, has a beautiful amber quality, as if the sitter had been studied in the warm light of late afternoon. The face has a slightly downward inclination, suggesting a feeling of shyness, which is emphasized by the fugitive, almost timid, expression of the almond-shaped eyes. Above and around the delicate oval of the face, masses of hair, blending softly with the skin, form a superstructure of the enormous size dictated by fashion; and great flowing curls embrace the neck on either side and ripple over the left shoulder. The loosely fitting dress is of a subdued yellow color, and lace in the neck softens the transition from the flesh to the crisp silk. The modelling of the flesh is exceedingly delicate and simple, and the



color on the cheeks and the lips has lost none of its first freshness.

"LONDON, *Aug.* 6, '97.

"DEAR SIR: . . . The picture of Lady Inness by Thomas Gainsborough, R.A., I remember well. It was in our possession some five years ago. It is a characteristic work of the master, full of grace and refinement, and I have no hesitation in saying, when the picture was in our hands, we regarded it as of first-class quality, and a picture we should be glad to place in the collection of any esteemed client. I am, dear Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"LOCKETT AGNEW.

"W. H. FULLER, Esq."

$: 22,000
W. Elsworth

No. 35.

CONSTANT TROYON.

1810—1865.

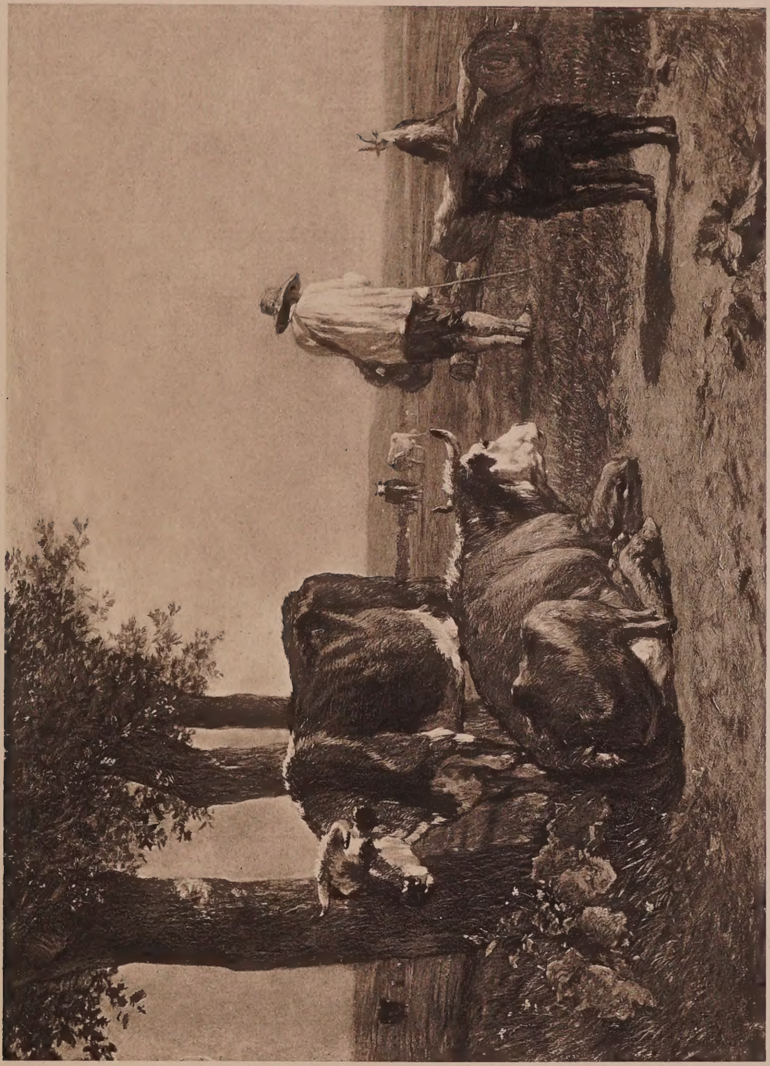
Cows in the Pasture.

(Vaches au Pâturage.)

Height, 38 inches. Width, 51 inches.

Exposition Universelle
à Vienne, 1873.
Collection Baron Liebermann.
Collection M. Secrétan.

TWO superb, massive cows of native breed, one black, the other red, are resting and chewing their cud late in the afternoon, under the foliage of three lofty trees, whose trunks and lower branches are alone visible in the picture. The pasture land is broad, solid, and flat, and stretches away towards the far-off, low-lying hills, whose outline is lost in the grey mystery of the sky. In the foreground, on the right, a long-limbed black dog stands motionless, watching a goat whose feet are planted on a log, near which a tall peasant stands leaning on a staff with his back to the spectator. In the distance other cattle are seen, and beyond them and at the base of the hills a narrow strip of water appears, while over all a simply treated, luminous sky completes this superb picture.



The cattle are evidently modelled by a man who knew their anatomical structure to the smallest bone; he also knew how to give to them the breath of life, and to express with unmistakable exactness the indolence and stolidity of their race. They are painted with swift and confident strokes, and with such precision that one almost sees the measured heaving of their sides with each succeeding breath. The warm, slanting sunlight, which vibrates over the whole landscape, gives a lustre to their coats so life-like and true that we enjoy it without thought of the means of its production. The line of white, which begins on the face of the standing cow, is caught up on the neck and head of its companion, is echoed in the subdued color of the peasant's blouse, is repeated on the log and on the breast of the goat, on the cattle in the distant field, and finally fades away in the objects at the base of the far-off, slumbering hills. In like manner the sombre blackness of the standing cow is repeated and balanced in the coat of the dog, on the right, and is seen again on the sides of the playful goat.

The landscape itself is as beautifully composed as it is painted. Every object takes its right place in the receding planes, and the eye ranges with delight from the cattle in the near foreground, over the extended field, to the far-off hills that melt away in the horizon. The color scheme is rich and varied and without a discordant note; light and air pervade the picture, and its sentiment is one of pastoral simplicity and grateful repose.

Take it all in all, this picture not only illustrates Troyon's greatness in landscape art, but justifies his fame as the greatest cattle painter of his century and probably of the world.

$: 56.500
Berchmans

No. 36.

THEODORE ROUSSEAU.

1812—1867.

The Charcoal-Burners' Hut.

(La Hutte des Charbonniers.)

Height, 35½ inches. Width, 45 inches.

Collection Van den Ende.
Collection Gunzburg.
Collection M. Secrétan.

A low-lying, moss-covered ledge of rocks, stunted bushes, and half-hidden pools of water in the foreground; massive oak trees, glowing with sunshine and rising from a savage waste in the middle distance; a superb cloud-flecked sky,—these disclose the simple motive of this masterpiece of Théodore Rousseau.

None of the conventional methods have been employed to give depth to the landscape and dignity to the lines of the composition; but the great artist, with persistent and unwearying observation of nature, has so interpreted this scene as to place his performance upon the highest plain of naturalistic landscape art.

The broken, rocky foreground; the pools of water; the coarse, rank grasses; the scrubby undergrowth of bushes; the great grey boulders,—all lead up to the majestic group

of trees whose enormous branches extend half across the luminous, receding sky. Beneath this noble mass of trees, battle-scarred by a hundred winter storms, a straw-thatched hut is seen. To the right, an irregular opening leads to the warm summer sky, whose pellucid softness accents the rudeness of the scene below. The noonday sunshine reveals an infinite variety of rich greens, warm browns and greys, and gives to every inch of the canvas the charm of intricate complexity of color and a general sobriety, richness, and depth of tone. All the various objects in this great painting, the texture of the trunks and the sunlit branches of the trees, the moss-covered rocks, the tangle of bushes and sedges and grass, and withal a superbly modelled sky, have been expressed with as true and free and vigorous a brush as was ever wielded by the hand of man.

Ten years ago, while "The Charcoal-Burners' Hut" was in the Collection of M. E. Secrétan, at Paris, a distinguished American art critic wrote of it in these eloquent terms :

"Rousseau was another painter who preferred the impression of the whole to the detail of the part, and he too was a consummate technician who started in his early work to paint finished pictures. No one will deny the almost perfect beauty of such works as the marsh scene at present in the Louvre ; but if we would find him in his full complement of strength, we must turn to such canvases as 'The Charcoal-Burners' Hut,' in the possession of M. Secrétan. The name is of no consequence and is a misnomer at best, for the hut is an unimportant accessory to the picture, and is not at first seen. The subject of the painting is nothing but a simple landscape with huge trees in the centre, under which we can study out a hut by dint of good imagination. In this truly great picture we find all the beauty of Rousseau's diffused light, all his atmospheric effect, all his sense of chromatic harmony,—in short, all his masterly technique ; but there is something more to it than painter's skill. Corot saw nature as a depth lighted by an all powerful sun ; Daubigny saw it as a poetic paradise carpeted with greens and canopied with pearly greys ; Courbet looked upon it as a battle-field of warring elements; but Rousseau conceived it as that creation which has lasted for centuries, grand in strength, splendid in majesty, enduring in power, restful in mood. 'The Charcoal-Burners' Hut' is the embodiment of such a conception. The great trees, the huge boulders, the outstretched plain, the light, the air, the very clouds and sky seem mighty with the majesty of years. They are so firmly traced, so strong, so enduring, that the first six days of creation might have given them birth, and fifty centuries passed over them since, without crippling their power, dimming their splendor, or ruffling their repose. I know of no painter save Rousseau who ever conceived this phase of nature. It is a novel, a poetic, a majestic conception which borders on the sublime. We occasionally feel the same sense of power in the High Alps and on the ocean, the feeling of the everlasting permanence and might which Rousseau has painted in this picture. The conception is great and the manner of its revelation to us is in perfect correspondence therewith. Strong features alone appear, and minor details are suppressed. The brush has been handled with a quick and almost careless strength, as though the painter might have been in a hurry to catch the vision before it vanished; but there are no false notes, no errors, no ear-marks of haste about it. The trained hand of Rousseau could be trusted to range wide, yet paint sure and true, and in no picture of his that I have seen has it ever appeared to better advantage."—John C. Van Dyke, *Art Review*, December, 1887.

Alfred Sensier, Rousseau's friend, in his "Souvenirs sur Th. Rousseau" (Paris, 1872, page 199), gives an account of a visit he made at the home of the great painter while the latter was at work on this picture. The translation is by Mr. William A. Coffin, the artist. Sensier says:

"I went to see him in Indian summer, in November; his little house was covered with clematis, nasturtium and cobæas. . . . He showed me a whole collection of pictures, sketches, monotint studies, and compositions 'laid in,' which made him ready for twenty years' work. He was beginning his beautiful landscape, 'The Charcoal-Burners' Hut,' so luminous and so limpid—an effect of high noon in September sunshine, which he finished in 1850. He had laid it in with the right general effect at the first painting on a canvas prepared in gray tints, and after having placed his masses of trees and the lines of his landscape, he was taking up, with the delicacy of a miniaturist, the sky and the trunks of the trees, scraping with a palette-knife to half the depth of the painting, and retouching the masses with imperceptible subtlety of touch. It was a patient labor which finished by being disturbing, it was so imperceptible.

"'It seems to you that I am only caressing my picture, does it not? That I am putting nothing on it but magnetic flourishes? I am trying to proceed like the work of nature itself, by accretions which, brought together or united, become forces, transparent atmospheric effects, into which I put afterward definite accents as upon a woof of neutral value. These accents are to painting what melody is to harmonic bass, and they determine everything, either victory or defeat. The method is of slight importance in these moments when the end of the work is in sight: you may make use of anything, even of diabolical conjurings,' he said to me laughingly, 'and when there is need of it, when I have exhausted the resources of the colors, I use a scraper, my thumb, a piece of cuttle-bone, and even my brush-handles. They are hard trials, these last moments of the day's work, and I often come out of them worn out but never discouraged.'

"Then stopping short in his talk, 'Come, let us go for a walk. I will show you a little of the law of growth of vegetation in nature itself.'"

This picture was purchased by the present owner at the *Secrétan Sale*, July 1, 1889.

Exposition 20 peintres du XIX siecle
Paris mai 1940 – à Glaenzer & Co

No. 37.

non vendu

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A.

1727—1788.

The Blue Boy.*

Height, 71½ inches. Width, 50½ inches.

SUPERLATIVE qualities of style, of distinction, of life, no less than accompanying charms of color and of execution, belong to this picture and place it easily among the masterpieces of portraiture of any school and any period. It marks the apogee of Gainsborough's career, for it possesses the most precious characteristics of this eminent artist's work and reflects all the magic of his genius. Like other notable portraits which might be cited, it is, first of all, very simple in arrangement and is fascinating for the very reason of its direct and frank treatment. The youthful subject, dressed in a so-called Vandyke costume of blue silk, has been painted in an attitude of unstudied grace, facing the spectator, his left leg slightly in advance of the right, which supports the weight of the body. His right arm—the hand holding a large hat with white feather—hangs nearly straight by his side; the left hand is hidden in the folds of a short cloak, which it holds against the left hip. Rich lace at the

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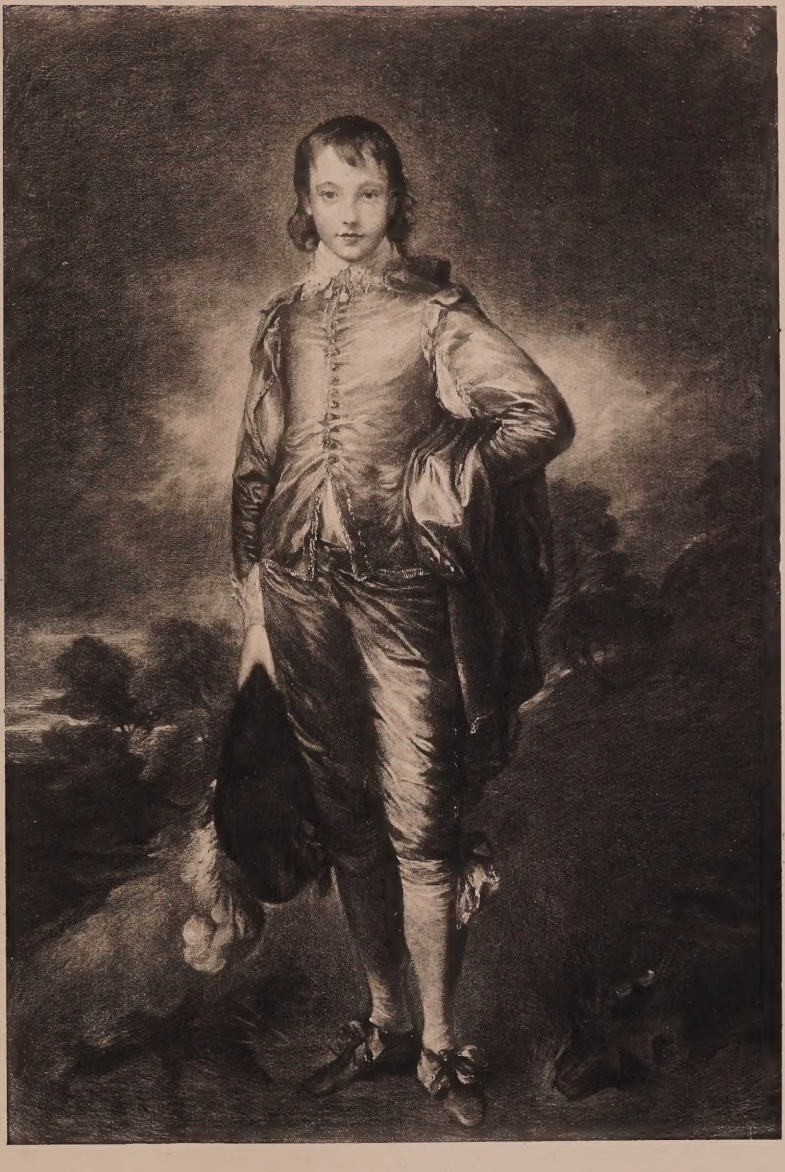
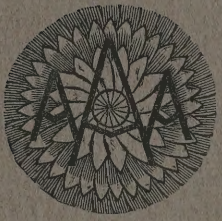
* Mr. Fuller reserves the right to place an upset price on this picture.

No 74. Vente George A. Hearn. New York
5 mai 1932.



neck and wrist, and delicate lines of embroidery at the edge of the closely buttoned, short-waisted jacket embellish this garment, and the soft folds of a lawn shirt are seen at the bend of the arm and at the waist. Lace-trimmed garters fasten the white silk stockings at the knee, and bows of the same material adorn the shoes. The color of this costume is always described as blue, and rightly so, although it has a peculiar and unique quality which may be more accurately designated as a composite tone of warm green blue. It has the depth and refinement of some of the similar tones found in oriental porcelains. The head of the boy is rich and glowing in color, solid in modelling, and, moreover, is drawn with extraordinary precision and force. The type of face is impressive in its refinement and in the pure boyishness of expression. The vivacious but limpid eyes under the angles of the delicately moulded eyebrows; the fine, straight nose; the firm and sensitive mouth, almost feminine in its sweetness—each and every feature has, indeed, unusual charm. Behind the figure, and enveloping it in full, warm tones, a landscape is broadly suggested, with great vaporous clouds, trees in full foliage, and a gleam of light along the low horizon. The whole picture is enveloped in a soft, mellow tone.

FRANK D. MILLET, N.A.



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